

NEXT WEEK—

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING FULL DESCRIPTION, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE DEWEY CELEBRATION. TWO 29-INCH DRAWINGS: THE NAVAL PARADE, BY HENRY REUTERDAHL, AND THE LAND PARADE BY T. DE THULSTRUP

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED

JOURNAL OF ART

LITERATURE AND

CURRENT EVENTS



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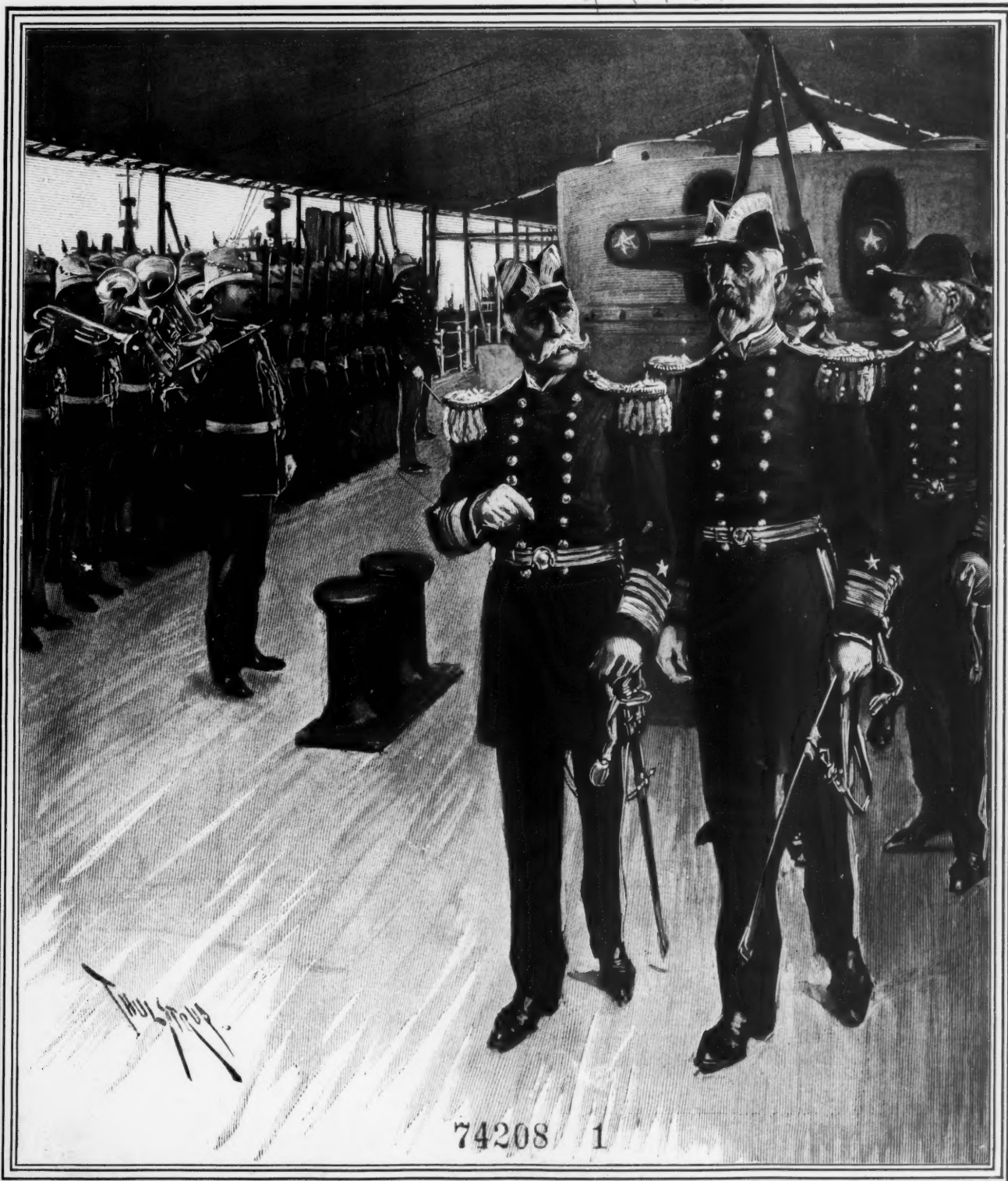
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DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

A VISIT OF CEREMONY

ADMIRAL DEWEY RECEIVING REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON AND THE COMMANDERS OF THE ATLANTIC SQUADRON, ON BOARD THE FLAGSHIP "OLYMPIA" IN NEW YORK HARBOR

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EDITORIAL AND GENERAL OFFICES

521-547 West Thirteenth Street
518-524 West Fourteenth Street
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New York October Seventh 1899

NO OTHER English newspaper is so unfriendly to the United States as is the "Saturday Review." It never misses an opportunity of belittling the achievements and casting doubts upon the motives of our government. The other day, it explained the origin of our recent war with Spain by alleging that, in the United States, a band of adroit politicians who wanted to distract public attention from the growing iniquities of the monopolist system, inaugurated a so-called spirited foreign policy which was easy of execution and specious in design. Everybody on this side of the Atlantic knows that the monopolists, which term is meant, we presume, to describe the representatives of the great trusts, were opposed to an armed intervention in Cuba; that, even after the explosion of the *Maine* had been attributed by the official investigation to an exterior cause, Senator Hanna, who is supposed to speak for President McKinley, went about New York declaring that there would be no war. The truth is, that war was forced on the Administration by the Democracy, assisted by certain leaders of a Republican minority, notably Senator Lodge and Senator Foraker, who are by no means subservient to the influential corporations. The "Saturday Review" goes on to say that it was easy to divert public attention from the trusts by an iniquitous raid on other folks' property, because the victim was a third-rate power, and it was specious because the ostensible object was the liberation of Spain's misgoverned dependency. When the war broke out, the "Saturday Review" took a different view of the probable outcome. It pointed out that Spain's regular army was more than ten times larger than ours, and that she already had 200,000 soldiers in Cuba. It also overrated the efficiency of the Spanish navy and underrated the quality of our ships, their commanders and their crews. Spain, having been thoroughly beaten in a hundred days and forced to sue for peace, is now depicted by the same journal as a third-rate power. The perversion of facts reaches a climax in the assertion that no one now believes that the Spanish authorities were in any way responsible for the explosion of the *Maine*; inasmuch as they cannot be charged with lunacy. The conclusion reached by the experts composing the court of inquiry is undisputed by any reasonable man, and Americans are as thoroughly convinced now as they ever were, that the submarine mine, or torpedo, by which the *Maine* was destroyed was fired by a Spanish officer or soldier,

inasmuch as no civilian would have access to the firing apparatus. The actual perpetrator of the deed may yet be discovered. How far up in the Spanish military hierarchy the responsibility for the act may be traced is a different question.

AGUINALDO has offered, it seems, to release a number of American prisoners, provided the insurgent general officer who will accompany them shall be permitted to confer with General Otis in regard to terms of pacification. No overtures on the part of the Filipino insurgents should be repelled, unless they are unmistakably made for purposes of delay or of espionage. It would be fortunate for the Republican party, should the President be able to announce, on the assembling of Congress, that the insurrection has been quelled by reasonable concessions and without any further waste of American blood and treasure. What form those concessions might take can be learned from Mr. Schurman and other civilian members of the Philippines Commission, who, had they not been overruled by General Otis, might, perhaps, have reached an understanding with Aguinaldo some months ago. The declaration said to have been made by General Otis that no negotiations will be entered upon, while a single Filipino rebel remains in arms, may sound high-spirited, but it is injudicious. It is not thus that extensive and durable conquests are made. One of the grounds on which the American people are urged to retain the Philippines is that they should be ashamed to confess themselves lacking in the ability to subdue and govern alien races which their British kinsmen have evinced in India. Those who hold up British achievements ought to recall British methods also. Astute negotiation has played an important part in the British conquest of India. The Anglo-Indian Empire still includes a number of protected States, such as Hyderabad, Mysore, Baroda, and Gwalior, which, although surrounded by British territory, are completely independent as regards their internal government. Why should not a measure of local autonomy be conceded also in Luzon to the Tagal followers of Aguinaldo, who are acknowledged to constitute the most highly civilized section of the Philippine population? The rebel leader must be conscious of his inability to resist the greatly increased force which will be at the disposal of the American commander during the next dry season, and it is at least possible that he and his adherents may consent to submit to our authority in consideration of a general amnesty and of assurances that the Tagals, outside of the city of Manila and its immediate neighborhood, will be suffered to control their own local affairs.

THE PARDON which has been granted by President Loubet to Dreyfus seems to be the outcome of a species of transaction, the convict on his part agreeing to withdraw the pending appeal to the military court of review, thus relieving that body from the unpleasant alternative of quashing the judgment of the Rennes court-martial and thus offending the chiefs of the army, or of reaffirming a decision which is said to be technically defective as well as flagrantly repugnant to elementary ideas of justice and to common sense. The issuance of the pardon has placed President Loubet and his Ministers in an awkward predicament. They can only justify the act by a frank acknowledgment that they believe Dreyfus to have been unjustly convicted, for it would never do for a government to assert that treason on the part of a military officer is a crime to be condoned, except under such extraordinary extenuating circumstances as attended the return of Napoleon from Elba. In Dreyfus' case, by the way, not a single extenuating circumstance was suggested by either of his counsel, both of whom contended that he was either wholly innocent or utterly guilty. Some of the Paris newspapers which have been opposed to revision have not failed to detect the true significance of the pardon, and describe it as an insult to military justice which, they say, was embodied in the court at Rennes. It is probable that military justice will be subjected to much deeper obloquy, if the friends of Dreyfus succeed in securing the new facts needed for a second reference of the case to the Court of Cassation. New facts of a conclusive kind would be the identical documents named in the *bordereau*, which are known to be in the possession of the German Government, and which Emperor William II. may yet allow to be produced, although he is said to hold that, in common decency, the French Government should have been satisfied with the asseverations made by the German Ambassador in Paris and the German Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Reichstag, that

Germany had never had any relations, direct or indirect, with Dreyfus.

AT THE HOUR when we write, war between Great Britain and the Transvaal is generally regarded in London as inevitable, for the reason that President Kruger's reply to the latest peremptory demand made by Mr. Chamberlain reaffirms the determination to make seven years' residence a condition of naturalization, so long as England refuses to renounce her claim of suzerainty. Mr. Chamberlain, it will be remembered, insisted that the probationary term should be five years, and, moreover, that the details of the proposed law should be examined at a conference in Capetown. President Kruger has no objection to a conference, but he adheres inflexibly to the seven years' term; so that, for the inconsiderable difference between five years and seven years, we are likely to witness the spectacle of armed interference by one of the mightiest powers on earth in the internal affairs of a puny commonwealth. Few people are yet alive to the monstrous disproportion of strength which the combatants would exhibit. The Transvaal is about as large as Arizona Territory, but the whole Boer population, including women and children as well as men, falls considerably short of 100,000. The Orange Free State, probably the Transvaal's only ally, is smaller, but numbers about as many Boers among its inhabitants. Unless it enlists old men and boys, the Pretoria Government cannot put more than 20,000 men in the field, of whom at least 5,000 will be needed to keep down the Outlanders in Johannesburg, and to maintain order among the aborigines, of whom there are nearly 1,000,000 in the Transvaal. It is not believed that, at the outset, the Orange contingent will exceed 5,000 men. Twenty thousand soldiers, then, will constitute the whole force at the disposal of the Transvaal for military operations on the Natal frontier, where the collision with British troops is expected to occur. No doubt, the Transvaal will receive sympathy, and, should the contest be prolonged, some material support from the Boers dwelling in the neighboring British dependencies. But the whole number of the Afrikaners does not exceed 300,000 in the Cape Colony and 12,000 in Natal. The recruiting ground, therefore, of the Boers, in the event of a protracted war, would have very narrow limits.

THE SIX WEEKS' siege of the ex-tripe seller, Guérin, in a house in the Rue de Chabrol, Paris, had its farcical aspect, the alleged conspirator relying for his defensive ammunition largely upon bones, sardine cans and other refuse. It has ended like a farce in the meek surrender of the hero, who was conveyed quietly in an open cab to a police station. The Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet, however, considers that the safety of the State requires the conspiracy, in which Guérin is accused of being an accomplice, to be treated with extreme seriousness. It does not venture, however, to employ for that purpose the ordinary machinery of justice, for M. Déroulède, the organizer of the Patriotic League, was acquitted by a jury, although it was proved in court that, on the day of President Faure's funeral, he had called upon General Roget to lead the troops under his command against the Palace of the Elysée, occupied by President Loubet. Not wishing to receive another rebuff of the kind, the Ministry have had recourse to the Senate, five-sixths of whose 300 members are sturdy supporters of the existing form of government. Under the Constitution of 1875, the President of the Republic is authorized, with the approval of the Council of Ministers, to constitute the Senate a high court to try any one for an attempt on the safety of the State. This judicial function of the Senate has been exercised but once before only, when General Boulanger was tried and condemned in his absence, and it is said that President Loubet's consent to apply it on this occasion was not obtained without difficulty. The trial of twenty-two persons charged with participation in a plot to overthrow the present Republican regime has begun, and the investigation is likely to result in some interesting disclosures. The evidence collected will show, it is said, that there were three groups of conspirators who agreed to act together for destructive purposes, and, after the present civil authorities should have been deposed, to let the French people announce by a plebiscite what kind of government they would prefer. The three groups were the Orleanists, who are said to have furnished most of the money needed for organization; the Bonapartists, and the followers of Déroulède, who professes to want neither a monarchy nor an empire, but the substitution of a Presidential republic like the United States for the existing Parliamentary type.



PLACING GUNS IN POSITION FOR ENGAGEMENT IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE CALOOCAN

THE FALL CAMPAIGN IN THE PHILIPPINES

By W. NEPHEW KING, LATE LIEUTENANT U.S.N.

"PEACE FIRST—then, with charity for all, establish a government of law and order."

Thus did President McKinley announce his Philippine policy in a recent address at Ocean Grove before the Methodist camp-meeting. But of the manner in which this is to be accomplished, and the great sacrifice that it will necessarily entail, little has been said or written. Whatever may have been the mistakes of the Administration in not making the cessation of the Philippines one of the terms of the peace protocol, and thus avoiding, in our own legislative halls, that bitter controversy which gave "comfort and aid to the enemy," our duty is now a simple one—war, stern and unrelenting, until the last Filipino has been brought "within the sound of the bell."

That our policy in the past has been an unfortunate one, barren of any result save that of chasing the insurgents around a circle and then ourselves retreating to a point on the circumference until the rains have ceased, even the most enthusiastic admirer of the present Administration must admit. The fatal blunders of the Spanish campaigns seem to have been repeated with startling intensity—that of underestimating the strength of the enemy, and then sending out isolated detachments of men to take the places of those who were killed in battle or died of disease. The fact that the error can be traced directly to the major-general commanding, who declared, more than once, that thirty thousand men could easily accomplish the task allotted to him, does not lessen the responsibility of the Washington officials. Those who believe that Aguinaldo commands an undisciplined mob, poorly armed and equipped, and possessing no knowledge of tactics, will find themselves sadly mistaken, as his troops have been in the field now

over a year, and have succeeded in smuggling into the islands great quantities of arms and ammunition.

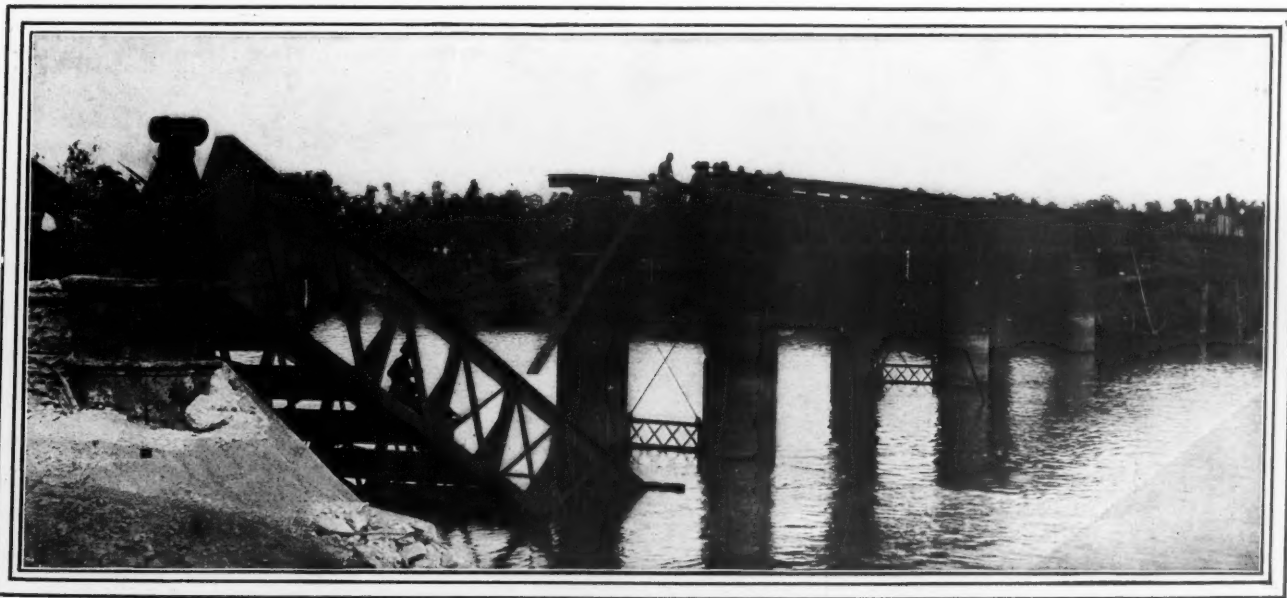
Whether the Philippine leader is a patriot, as some so-called Americans are pleased to call him, or an unprincipled bandit awaiting the opportunity to "sell out" when his price is reached, which seems to be the general belief, there is not now the shadow of a doubt as to his military prowess and marvellous influence over the masses. Even the *amigos*, as the friendly natives are known, who loudly proclaim their love for Americans and admiration for our institutions, drawing, in the meanwhile, their daily allowance of rice and beans, are conveniently ignorant of the whereabouts and plans of their wicked compatriots when questioned by our officers. Indeed, the epigram that was heard so often during our frontier wars, "the only good Indian is a dead Indian," might be applied to the treacherous Filipinos with equal force. Our men, it is true, have shown remarkable courage, and the fact that they have not yet suffered a single defeat in actual battle places them far above the Spanish soldiers; but what matters it by what means the end is accomplished, our regiments are decimated, the men disheartened, and we hold little more than we did at the beginning of the last campaign—Manila and its surroundings—an infinitesimally small part of the great island of Luzon. City after city has been captured, and as quickly abandoned, owing to lack of men, while the insurgents have executed a flank movement and again occupied the self-same points of strategic value.

And the campaign has been a costly one in more than one sense; for, in addition to our killed and wounded, it is said that forty per cent of General Lawton's men were overcome by the heat during a recent move against

the enemy. Though many of them recovered speedily, more than one-half had to be placed upon the sick list, and sun and rain will probably incapacitate the rest. Any attempt to initiate an active campaign at this season of the year will be more fatal to our cause than to leave the Filipinos alone. Statistics show that the majority of companies of volunteers and regulars in active service have been reduced by one-half, and it is reported that one company went into action having only one corporal and nine privates—the rest being unfit for duty.

All of these facts confirm what General Lawton, an old Indian fighter with the courage of a lion and the heart of a woman, has said from the beginning; viz., that it would require at least one hundred thousand men to put down the rebellion. That this advice was not heeded in the early part of the war is to be deeply regretted, and it is fortunate that the President has issued his recent call for volunteers. Twenty regiments, with which it is proposed to reinforce General Otis, will scarcely be a drop in the bucket, however; for a short time after their arrival a large percentage of the men will be incapacitated owing to climatic disorders. Still, it is a move in the right direction, for our past policy had in it too much conciliation and not enough war. The serious mistake has been a failure to study human nature, or, rather, the peculiar nature of the Malays; for, like the Spaniards—in fact, all the Latin races—they recognize no argument save that of force. Any desire to lessen the severities of war is looked upon as a weakness, and, for that reason, the presence of a civilian commission to treat with the Filipinos, while military operations were in progress,

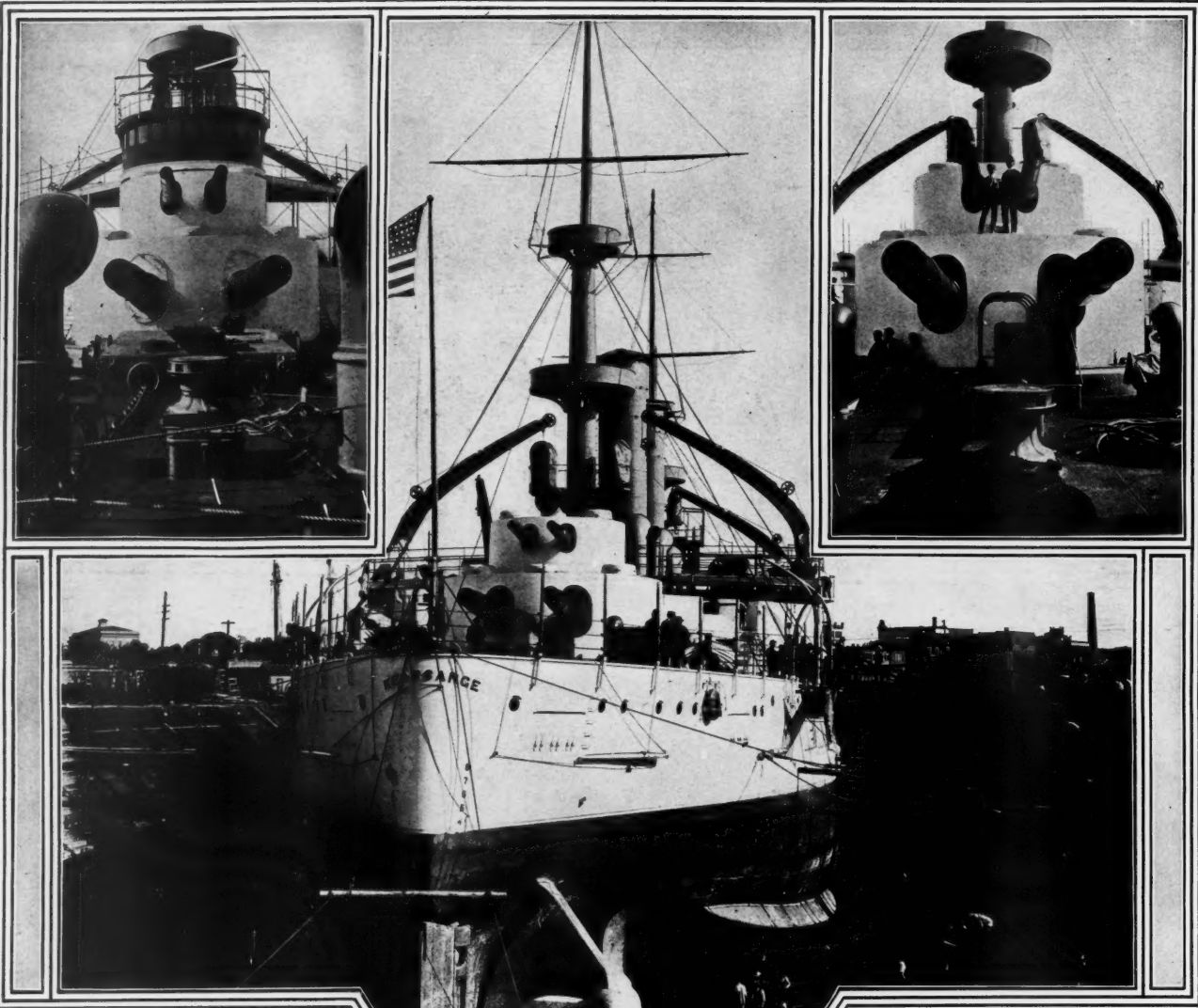
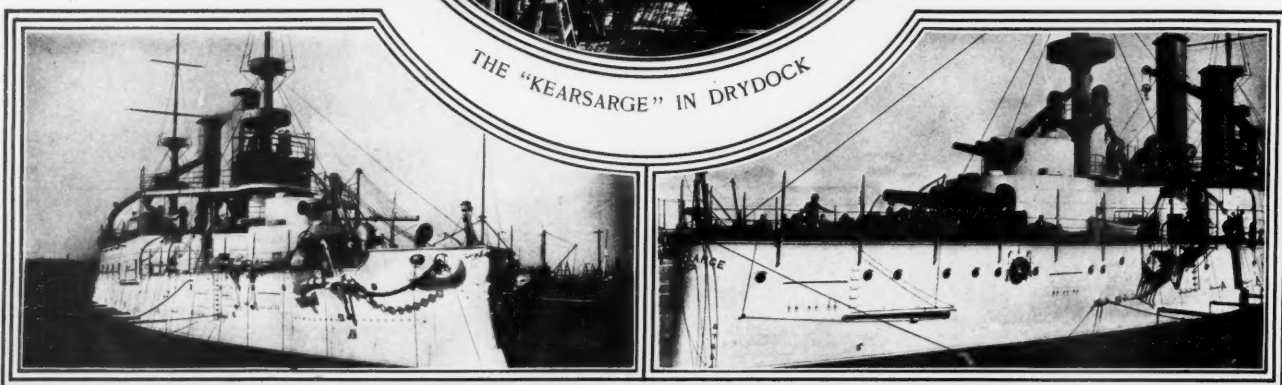
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 5)



U. S. ENGINEER CORPS SETTING UP SCALING LADDERS FOR TROOPS TO CROSS THE RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER BAGBAG RIVER IN THE ADVANCE ON THE INSURGENTS

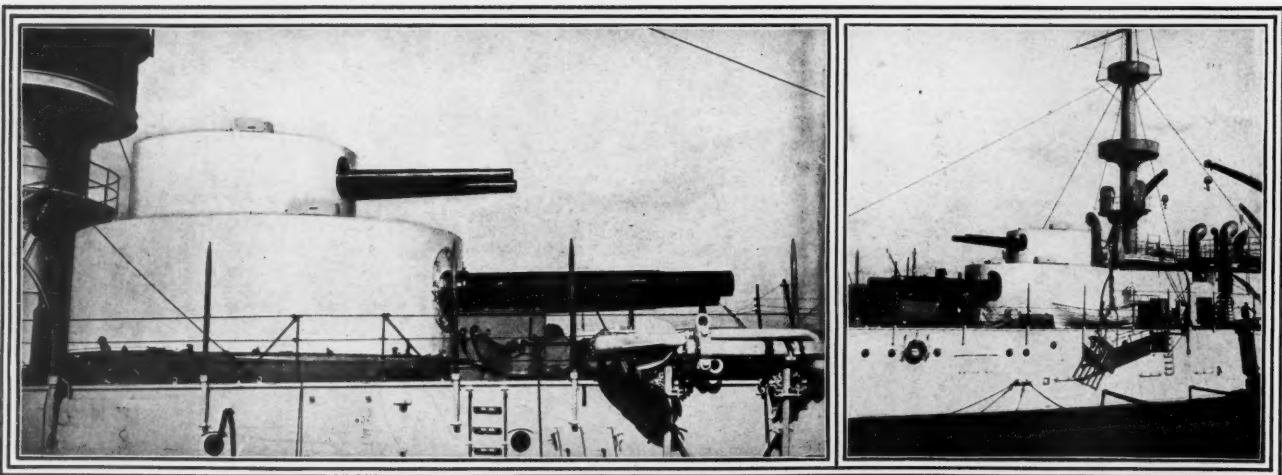
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BATTERY OF 13 AND 8-INCH GUNS
AND SUPERIMPOSED TURRETSTHE 16-TON ELECTRIC CRANES
AND AFTER-TURRET GUNS

THE "KEARSARGE" IN DRYDOCK

TWO VIEWS OF THE BATTLESHIP IN DRYDOCK, SEPTEMBER 13



PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. HARE, COPYRIGHT 1899

THE FORWARD GUNS AND SUPERIMPOSED TURRETS

THE AFTER TURRETS

THE NEW UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "KEARSARGE"

(SEE PAGE 15)



BATTERY D, SIXTH ARTILLERY, TAKING GUNS TO THE FRONT

was construed as an evidence of our weakness. In the absence of any Congressional action regarding the future government of the islands, its promises carried no weight, and the insurgents argued that what was offered them to-day could be taken away by Congress to-morrow.

Comparatively few people in the country are aware of the reason why Admiral Dewey returned to the United States with his flagship. After such a brilliant record in the waters of the empire that his guns had won for us, it was a surprise that he should have expressed a desire to leave before peace had been established. Those who were in the confidence of the only great man the Spanish-American war evolved, however, admit that the old sailor never became reconciled to the fact that he had been superseded by an officer two grades junior to him. Why the Admiral should not have been selected as the Governor-General of the Philippines, which his rank and deeds certainly merited, no one has yet ventured to explain. And yet when Major-General Otis assumed supreme command ashore, though Admiral Dewey was not placed directly under his orders, instructions were issued by the Navy Department that he should "co-operate and render all aid in his power to the major-general commanding the land forces." This amounted to practically placing the Admiral of the navy under the orders of a Major-General of the army, and though Dewey was too good a disciplinarian himself to openly rebel at this apparent slight, he never quite forgot it, and the most dignified thing he could do was to ask to be ordered away from the scene of his triumphs. It is an easy matter for one to say now what might have been, but I am of the opinion that had Admiral Dewey remained the senior officer in the Philippines, the natives would never have fired the first shot. The hero of the battle of Manila enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the Filipinos, from Aguinaldo to the humblest *peon*, and any promise or assurance from him as to our final policy, even with-

out a Congressional guarantee, would have been given the respect it merited. The presence of an army of occupation, however, with an unknown officer in command, savored too much of Spanish methods, they said, and all the promises in the world had no more effect than the fall of rain-drops upon a metal roof.

As soon as the rains have ceased and the transportation of troops and supplies becomes possible, a vigorous campaign, it is said, will be initiated and prosecuted. A wise feature of this will be the establishment of an effective blockade of all harbors and the patrolling of the coast. Heretofore foreign vessels have been allowed to come and go at will, subject to a nominal surveillance, only those belonging to the Filipinos being restricted. It is fair to presume, therefore, that many rifles and a vast amount of ammunition have been smuggled into the country by vessels under the flag of a friendly power. But the blockade, if sustained by a sufficient number of war vessels, will cut off the enemy from any communication with the outer world, and, in addition to preventing the renewal of his war supplies, will seriously affect his commissariat and finances. Though the island of Luzon is said to be self-sustaining, even to the manufacture of gunpowder and ammunition, a sufficient number of men to garrison the captured towns, and flying columns scattered in all directions, would soon be able to destroy all industries.

When our troops are called upon to take up another active campaign in the fall they will, doubtless, find new conditions facing them. During the rainy season, while we have had to retire to the vicinity of Manila, the enemy have been hard at work organizing their army and drilling daily. If before they avoided making a stand and refused to meet our troops in the line of battle, the forced apathy of our men during the past five months may encourage the belief that we have lost heart in the struggle; for it has been said that the Filipinos actually believe they have whipped us.

Despite the fact that our officers and men have fought

with unusual skill and courage, we have, thus far, accomplished nothing, simply because our forces have been inadequate. Unless we send a much larger army than is even now contemplated, we shall, beyond peradventure, be driven back again into Manila, and all the captured territory once more abandoned. One hundred thousand men, and no less, should be the size of our new army of occupation, and it would be a mistake to open the active campaign until they have all arrived. A few weeks, or even months, in Manila would be more beneficial than injurious to our cause, for it would not only afford the new-comers an opportunity to become acclimated, but could be utilized in drilling the inexperienced volunteers. When we strike again, we should strike hard and often, for this alone will give force to any argument that we might desire to present regarding the future government of the islands. Even among more highly civilized nations diplomacy carries little or no weight, unless it be backed by guns.

And when we next approach the Filipino leaders with assurances of how they shall be ruled, and what will be their participation in the government of the islands, we should speak with more authority than we have been able to do before. Savages, as they may be, there are some intelligent men among them, and those realize that nothing but an assurance from Congress can be binding upon any administration. Until the legislative body defines what will be our future policy, we have no right to promise anything. It would be advisable, therefore, before initiating the new campaign and sacrificing the lives of thousands of brave volunteers, to call an extra session of Congress and learn just what are the intentions of the people of the United States regarding the future government of the islands. When this shall be announced with the official seal of the national legislature, it may do even more to bring peace and prosperity to our new possessions than even a vigorous military campaign. It is certainly worth the experiment. Should our offer be rejected, then war—and war to the knife.



A COMPANY OF INFANTRY CALLED TO ARMS IN A RAIN STORM



WINGED VICTORY

AND THE QUADRIGA



COM. MACDONOUGH



COM. PAUL JONES



THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC



COM. PERRY



COM. DECATUR

THE DEWEY TRIUMPHAL ARCH, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK. SOME DETAILS OF CONSTRUCTION

(SEE PAGE 14)

LONDON

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 30, 1899

MR. MORLEY'S admirers are all delighted with his recent speech. It is supposed to be cast upon just the lines which his dead friend, Gladstone, would have thought most appropriate. Still, there are those who think that when Mr. Morley writes he is apt to be both saner and juster than when he talks. It is all very well to state that the British and Dutch have got to live in South Africa, and that the whole problem is not one of paramountcy but fusion. Fusion, meanwhile, is precisely what the Government, urged on by Mr. Chamberlain, claim that they are trying to secure. Nevertheless, Mr. Morley scored some excellent points. One of these could be found in his reminder that if a British subject gets full right of burghership in the Transvaal he forfeits his right as a subject of Great Britain, and hence that if Englishmen are going to kill Boers on account of the franchise they are going to do so because Boers are unwilling to turn good Britons into statutory aliens. Mr. Morley denies, just as President Krüger has quite recently denied, that England holds any suzerainty whatever over the Republic. If this be true, then it is a direct contradiction of what might be called the Queen's own words in her late Speech from the Throne. President Krüger's own speech of a few days ago has caused great comment here. It is full, at the end, of some very pompous pietisms; for, like many good men, President Krüger is decidedly a pietist. But it contains, nevertheless, not a few startling pungen- cies of announcement and revelation which may work vital changes in the views of thousands.

Even impending war and the prospective departure of troops from India for South Africa, with a Maxim gun to accompany each regiment, cannot prevent thrills of horror throughout London at the devilry showered upon poor Dreyfus. Everywhere the same disgust and scorn rankly flower in words and looks of all decent Englishfolk. The verdict has nauseated Great Britain. If its viperous disclosure had transpired during the Marchand complication, there is no telling what note of censure might have crept into negotiations on this side of the Channel.

All who have read Mr. Hardy's novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," will recollect how Tess was arrested at Stonehenge for killing the husband she hated. But in much more romantic way the librettist of Bellini's

"Norma" located the scene of his work, if I mistake not, on Salisbury Plain. For centuries these huge upright stones have been the puzzle of archaeologists. Whence were they borne, and by what monstrous effort of human strength? Sir Edmund Antrobus, the baronet who owns them, now offers them, with certain acres of surrounding property, to the State. Curiously enough, this attempted sale is made almost at the same time as that of the Killarney Lakes, and one has probably suggested the other. Stonehenge appears almost incontestably to antedate the Saxon period. Druids, Danes and Romans have all been credited with the planting of these marvellous plinths on the treeless moor from which they loom. They are visited, in summer, by hordes of tourists, and there is a great annual impulse to behold them on the morning of the longest day. It is then that the sun rises exactly over the head of "the Friar's Heel," a stone which towers eastward of the amphitheatric group. For this reason the whole strange assemblage has been pronounced a Temple of the Sun. Perhaps, however, there was a different cause for its existence, either lunar or stellar. But in any case the cause was no doubt as surely astronomic as that of the Egyptian Pyramids. What a vast hiatus between these structures and that of Galileo by the banks of the Arno! And then again what a lingering interval between the Florentine effort and the Lick telescope, perched on a Western mountain nearly ten thousand miles away!

London, as living in it amply teaches, is a city of magnificent distances. They tell here a droll story of a college professor who preferred the participle "gotten" to "got," and at a dinner ardently defended his preference, among certain fellow-guests. That same evening he repaired to a place of meeting, far from his home, whither he had summoned his wife by telegraph. His message, as he had written it, read: "Have gotten tickets for the opera to-night. Meet me there." The telegraph operator unconsciously betrayed him, and sent, instead: "Have got ten tickets for the opera, etc., etc." Mrs. —, anxious to confer a courtesy upon eight friends, arrived at Covent Garden, that evening, with a bevy of companions. The amazed gentleman, on being struck by this bolt from the blue, fingered tremulously his purse, and ever since that fateful occasion has been scrupulous in his total abandonment of "gotten" for "got."

The theatres are gradually opening their doors again, after the summer holidays. Recently Mrs. Langtry appeared with a throng of clever players at the Haymarket, in Mr. Sydney Grundy's new piece, "The Degenerates." Its story is that of a "bolting wife," and it resembles a number of recent plays in which

"bolting wives" conspicuously figure — noticeably "Wheels Within Wheels" at the Court. There is always a good feminine genius who saves the erring lady in the nick of time from consummating her indiscretion, and takes upon herself, with serene aplomb, the horrible results of this meditated misstep. In "The Degenerates" Mrs. Langtry personates this good genius, and ultimately marries the lover who refuses to believe her culpable. It is all a pretty dabble of smart dialogue and wild improbability, like the "Liars," "Lord and Lady Algy," and, for that matter, "The Gay Lord Quex." There is one point, however, which can scarcely fail to strike the most languid auditor. Mrs. Langtry's part abounds with reminiscences of her own career, as the world knows it, and you feel almost confident, before the last fall of the curtain, that she has given Mr. Grundy an order to "write a play round her," as it were, and that the author has carefully carried out these instructions.

A quaint picture of Bulawayo is presented in a hand-book of Rhodesia just issued here. We are told that where Lobengula once lolled on his biscuit-tin throne, a brick-built and tin-roofed city has sprung up. The mineral products of Rhodesia are more hinted at than praised, but you are left full liberty to form your own opinions of their potential pricelessness. The railway journey to Bulawayo from the Cape is 1,360 miles, and occupies four days. In Bulawayo there is a Government House, connected with the town by an avenue of trees two miles long. This is called Rhodes Street. There are seven hundred houses, mostly brick, while some are paper. Floors of zinc are widely used, to keep off the white ant, which goeth about seeking what he may devour. His appetite is of so comprehensive a quality that neither libraries nor leather trunks are said to be spared by him. A remedy for his depredations, we are instructed, is procurable in the black ant, though the latter has afterward to be seriously reckoned with.

The death of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt has received the most respectful notice here. The fact of his enormous wealth is chiefly commented upon, as a matter of course; for his many charities are naturally but ill known on this side of the ocean. Nor is the terrible irony of his untimely decease fully understood, since England has had little chance of knowing or appreciating the modesty and dignity of his career. Then, too, there is such a prodigious amount of charity shown throughout Great Britain by persons of high standing in life, that unless Mr. Vanderbilt's goodness of heart had been palpably and intimately brought home to this neighbor nation the full and due recognition of it could not prove a practical issue. EDGAR FAWCETT.



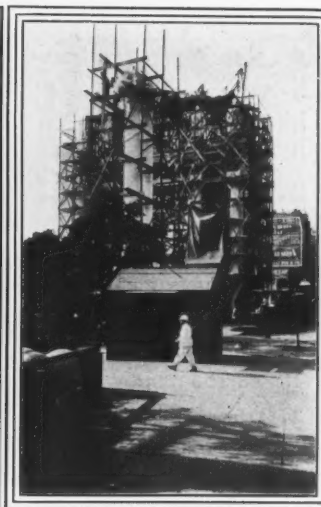
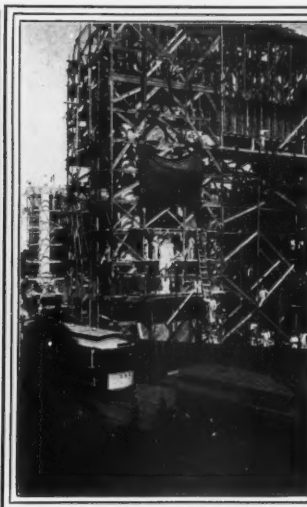
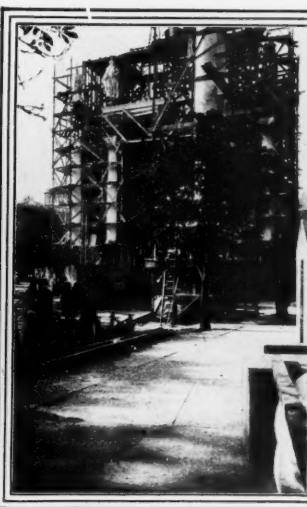
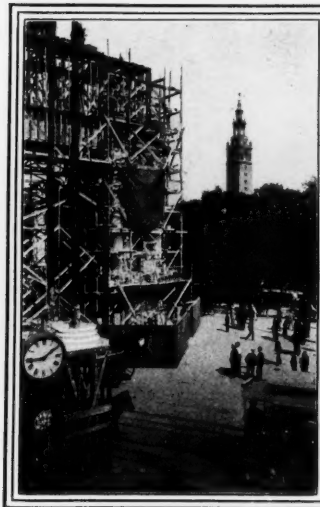
J. Q. A. WARD AT WORK ON THE QUADRIGA



MODEL OF THE ARCH



"TRIUMPHAL RETURN"



THE ARCH AS IT APPEARED WHILE UNDER CONSTRUCTION AND NEARING COMPLETION

THE DEWEY TRIUMPHAL ARCH, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK. THE MODEL AND SCAFFOLDING

(SEE PAGE 14)

PARIS

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 16

THE MYSTERIOUS plot of the "royalists"—who seem to be chiefly dyed-in-the-wool Republicans and Socialists—was not taken very seriously, even by the adherents of the ministry, until the convocation of the High Court was announced. That this cumbersome machinery should be put in action would seem to indicate that the plot is graver than any one had supposed. It is hardly possible that M. Waldeck-Rousseau would indulge in the idle play of breaking a butterfly on a wheel—of taking the club of Hercules to crush a gnat. One thing is certain: If the trial does not disclose the fact that the imprisoned journalists, song-writers, idlers, and boys were implicated in the plot to establish a monarchy in France, the government will have a bad half-hour when it comes to reckon with the electors.

Dérouté is an absurd person, but no one has ever doubted the sincerity of his republicanism. Of one-half his fellow-prisoners the same thing may be said. It will be a decided surprise if they are implicated in the "plot." It is well understood, of course, that the exiled princes keep up an active correspondence with their partisans in France. Doubtless their letters are filled with the illusions and puerile hopes that have beset all the "pretenders" of history; and all this will be very amusing when related in open court. And afterward? When all these comic-opera details, all these infantile dreams of the Pretender, have been dragged out in the senatorial court, will the Republic be any the safer? Will the most partisan republican be convinced that the state has escaped a great danger, and will he throw up his hat for this courageous government? I am inclined to doubt it. It is plain as a pikestaff that up to the present moment the "Royalist Peril" is a mere bogie, and it frightens no one at that. Worthy of remark, too, is the fact that no conspiracy between exiles and their partisans at home has ever succeeded in France. Here changes of government—by revolutionary or other means—have always been due to purely domestic causes.

Of course, there may be a thousand surprises in this new affair, and it is possible that the government may prove its case; but if the plot is not serious, the government is in danger of making itself ridiculous as the Guérins. And that is saying a great deal.

The convocation of the High Court is a very exceptional proceeding. This senatorial court, in one form and another, has existed since the French Revolution—since 1791, to be exact—but only rarely has it been called upon to act. A new law was voted in 1889, in view of the trial of General Boulanger and Dillon and Rochefort. It was an amendment of the procedure employed in 1815 by the Chamber of Peers in the trial of Maréchal Ney. By this act was constituted a court of justice with full powers. It is composed of all the senators, but only those who have been present at each sitting can vote upon the case. A majority of one vote suffices to condemn or acquit. When it is remembered that the Senate is a political body—made up of political partisans—it is evident that the High Court is a tremendous weapon in the hands of the government. There is no appeal from its decision.

Since in no other country does there exist a tribunal of this kind, a glance at the method of procedure may not be unprofitable and may make more clear the windings of the spectacle that is to succeed the Dreyfus affair. A mere decree of the President is enough to make the Senate a court. Its judicial functions begin with its first meeting. The members of the ministry are introduced and the procureur-general—in this case M. Bernard—reads his complaint; the president orders him to produce all documents, evidence, etc.; then follows a secret session at which all phases of the case are discussed. Afterward in public it announces its decision to go on with the case or to dismiss it. In the former case, a commission of nine senators is chosen. This commission elects its president and chooses, also, five supplementary members from among the senators. The trial is conducted by this commission of fourteen and the procureur-general. The remaining senators act as a jury, and it is by their vote that the accused is condemned or acquitted. This was the method employed at the Boulanger trial at the Luxembourg; it will be followed in the "Royalist" trials.

All this is comedy, to be sure; but dignified comedy. One of the Pretenders, "Jules de Bourbon d'Artois, legitimate King of France," furnishes the farce. He has launched at the President of the Republic the following proclamation:

"In our quality of only legitimate heir of the King Henry V., we demand of the French government the restitution of the Palace (sic!) and Gardens of the Tuileries, which, built and paid for with the dower of the Queen Catharine de Medicis, whose descendant we

are in the twelfth generation, are our inalienable property; the Palace and Gardens of the Tuileries, built and paid for by our ancestress, Queen Catharine de Medicis, and as well the pictures painted by Rubens which are in our Palace of the Louvre; also the Palais de l'Elysée-Bourbon and the Chateau de Bagatelle, belonging to our grandfather, which have been lawlessly appropriated in defiance of the rights of our uncle Henry V. by the Government of July."

M. Bourbon adds that he really needs them. If he can't get the Louvre and the Elysée, he is willing to compromise for one hundred dollars—to such straits may come a king out of a job. But why does he not ask the Duke d'Orleans for that hundred? They are cousins.

I do not read the continued novels that drag their sentimental way through the newspapers, but the other day I saw by chance one phrase—a gem—in a story by the good Richebourg:

"My dear Zelima, how do you feel to-day?" he asked in an unknown language.

That is worthy of a place, I think, beside the famous *mot* of Ponson du Terrail: "Oh! Oh!" he cried in Portuguese.

There is a statistician—an implacable sort of person—abroad in France at this moment. He has discovered a number of things. For instance, there are to-day in Europe seventy-one young princesses of the blood royal who are at once unmarried and marriageable. Certainly this betokens none of that "decay of the royal families" of which so much is said. The other side of the medal, however, is lugubrious enough—there are only forty-seven marriageable princes. And so there are twenty-four princesses for whom there is only the convent, spinsterhood, or—the rich American.

He goes blithely on his way, the good statistician. He announces that for every one thousand marriages there are, in Germany, seventeen divorces; in Switzerland forty, and in France twenty-one.

Of all nations the English are least given to divorce, the proportion being only one-half of one per cent. It is noteworthy, too, that while in France most divorces are sought by the wives, in England the majority of divorces are asked for by the husbands. The maximum of divorces is found among people who have been married from ten to twenty years. Why? The statistician gives not even a hint.

HENRI DUMAY.



DRAWN BY E. HERING, FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

PRESIDENT KRUGER ON HIS WAY TO PARLIAMENT

ASPECTS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRISIS—II

By EDGAR MELS, FORMERLY EDITOR OF THE JOHANNESBURG "DAILY NEWS"

THERE ARE two events of importance to chronicle in the developments of the South African imbroglio—the purposeful indecision of the British government and the active participation of the Orange Free State in the preparations for hostilities. The action of the Orange Free State foreshadows a terrific contest for the control of South Africa. It means that every Boer, every Afrikaner, and every sympathizer with the Boer cause, will take up arms in behalf of Boer autonomy—Boer existence, as a body politic.

England is sending regiments of troops from Aldershot and India to the Cape and Natal. The First Border Regiment, stationed at Malta, will go to Natal the moment the Royal West Sussex Regiment arrives from home to replace it. A rifle brigade from the island of Crete has also gone to the Cape, and a number of Indian regiments are on the verge of embarking for the same destination. Twenty-five hundred men have gone to Kimberley, where they are erecting earthworks and rude fortifications. A similar number has gone into camp at Newcastle, about thirty miles from the border line between Natal and the Transvaal, near Amajuba Hill. This is the weakest point in the line of British defence, and will require a large force to hold it. Other border settlements in the British possessions have been put into semi-readiness for war, and every precaution has been taken against a sudden onslaught on the part of the Boers.

On the other side, the Boers have established laagers, or camps, at valuable strategic points. They have massed some of their heaviest artillery at the new fort at Laing's Nek, near Charlestown, Natal, whence they control the railroad and at the same time protect the roads to Pretoria and Johannesburg, one hundred and ninety-six miles to the west. Another detachment has camped at Komatipoort, the nearest Transvaal point to Lorenzo Marquez, in Portuguese East Africa. Still others have taken position at the southernmost end of the Transvaal, opposite Warrenton, Griqualand West, where the Kimberley railroad enters the South African Republic. By these moves, the Boers control practically all the important roads and every railroad entering their country. They hold positions so strong as to defy any force not greatly outnumbering them.

The Orange Free State has also made a move. Several hundred burghers have taken position at Boshof, which controls the road between Mafeking, Johannesburg, and Kimberley. In addition, a number of Free State field cornets have gone to Pretoria to consult with the Transvaal commanders as to the plan of campaign to be pursued. Unless the Boers strike such a blow early in the campaign as to cripple the British seriously, they will be annihilated. They must not merely defend their country, they must rush into Natal to seize its capital, Pietermaritzburg; they must capture Kimberley. And, unless I am utterly mistaken, they will do both, with perhaps a campaign in the Cape Colony on the part of the Free Staters.

As South Africa is a terra incognita to most Americans, a word as to "the lay of the land" may not be

amiss. The southern part of Africa is of volcanic origin. This is attested by the soil in the vicinity of Kimberley, which is so sulphurous that not even ants can exist in it. One can travel for miles through the Cape and see myriads of huge ant-heaps, many more than six feet high.

At the southernmost point of the African continent is Capetown. It is picturesquely situated at the base of Table Mountain, an abrupt hill rising a thousand feet or more at the rear of the city. Just beyond Table Mountain are hills which gradually rise until, six hundred and forty-seven miles to the northeast, they attain an altitude of four thousand two hundred feet. It is here that Kimberley, the home of the diamond, is situated. Kimberley lies at the beginning of the High Veldt, and is absolutely unprotected by any natural defences. Forty miles above, the railroad enters the Transvaal.

Southeast of Kimberley is Bloemfontein, the capital of the Free State, a real Boer city, unsullied by the civilizing Uitlander. Almost directly north of Bloemfontein, in the Transvaal and about three hundred miles northeast of Kimberley, is Johannesburg, the cause of all the trouble. It lies on an undulating plain, five thousand six hundred and sixty feet above the sea level. It was formerly a farm belonging to a Boer named Bezuidenhout, and is now the centre of the Witwatersrand gold fields. Johannesburg has a floating population of about fifty thousand, with another seventy-five thousand in the remainder of the district.

To the west lies Krugersdorp, doubly famed for the graves of the Boers who died in the war of 1881 and for the fact that Dr. Jameson surrendered there in 1896. To the east of Johannesburg is Boksburg, the other terminal of the old tramway.

Thirty-five miles due north of the City of Gold is Pretoria, the capital of the South African Republic. It is forty-five hundred feet above the sea, and is at the base of a series of rolling hills, some of them of good altitude. North of Pretoria is Leydenburg and the Zoutpansburg district, both of which will eventually prove serious rivals to the Witwatersrand in the gold-producing line. East of Pretoria is Barberton, the centre of another prosperous gold district. Again east of this is Lorenzo Marquez, the capital of the Portuguese possessions in East Africa.

The famed Amajuba Hill is almost on the border line between Natal and the Transvaal, thirty miles north of Newcastle. It is about one hundred and ninety-six miles to the southeast of Johannesburg. Amajuba Hill is an almost perpendicular hill, shaped like an old-fashioned sugar cone, with a hollow at the apex. I ascended it after three hours of hard climbing. Once at the top, a marvellous view spread out before me. Away to the north lay the undulating hills of Zululand, with here and there a lake shining in the green of the landscape. To the south lay the bleak hills of the Drakensberge, grim and forbidding in their dark-green sombreness. At the base of the hill was a little rolling mound, scarcely to be dignified with the

name of elevation. It was the equally famed Laing's Nek. Having told this much of Amajuba Hill, I will tell the story of the battle, as told to me by General Piet Joubert, the commander-in-chief of the Boer army, who led the handful of men at that remarkable fight in 1881.

"We had about given up hope," said General Joubert, "and we were prepared to trek for Swaziland. There were many less in my command than history says, and we were short of ammunition and exhausted by continuous fighting. Then, too, we had our women and children with us, and that was an added responsibility. We were ready to move, when it was decided to make one last stand for God and country. In the meantime, General Colley and nearly five hundred men, with several pieces of artillery, had managed to reach the top of Amajuba Hill, after seven hours of climbing. At daybreak of February 27, we went on our knees on the veldt and prayed to the Almighty for aid. Then we sent the women and children out of harm's way and made the attack. It was God that gave us victory, for had He not been with us we could never have won. How did we do it? I can scarcely tell; for the heat of the battle was on me and there was not much time to think. About a dozen of our best shots were on Laing's Nek, and whenever a British soldier showed his head a bullet would put him out of the way. In this manner we killed nearly one-half of the British force. Then, when they were panic-stricken we made a rush up the slope, and the rest you know. But it was God who gave us the victory."

From an old burgher living at Charlestown, a few miles away, I learned that the Boer force consisted of less than seventy men, and not one hundred and sixty, as history has it.

But to contemporaneous facts again. The dividends paid in 1898 by the Witwatersrand mines can only be surmised. The year book of the London Stock Exchange, the official publication, states that in the year mentioned the mines paid dividends to the amount of \$24,450,000. The individual dividends were as follows: City and Suburban, 15 per cent; May Consolidated, 15 per cent; Windsor, 20 per cent; Rietfontein, 22½ per cent; Driefontein, 25 per cent; Glencairn, 25 per cent; Knights, 30 per cent; Rose Deep, 40 per cent; Griesberg, 40 per cent; Roodeport United, 40 per cent; Langlaagte Estate, 45 per cent; Angelo, 50 per cent; Crown Deep, 50 per cent; Village Main Reef, 60 per cent; Meyer and Charleton, 60 per cent; Geldenhuis Deep, 75 per cent; Jumpers, 80 per cent; Bonanza, 100 per cent; Henry Nourse, 125 per cent; Geldenhuis Estate, 147½ per cent; Wemmer, 150 per cent; Crown Reef, 240 per cent; Ferreira, 300 per cent; Johannesburg Pioneer, 675 per cent.

As Sir Alfred Milner said, the day he left England for the Cape, "If you saw a solid pile of gold worth five hundred million sterling over there, with twenty thousand Boers armed to the teeth sitting on it, what would you do?"

It is the situation in a nutshell.

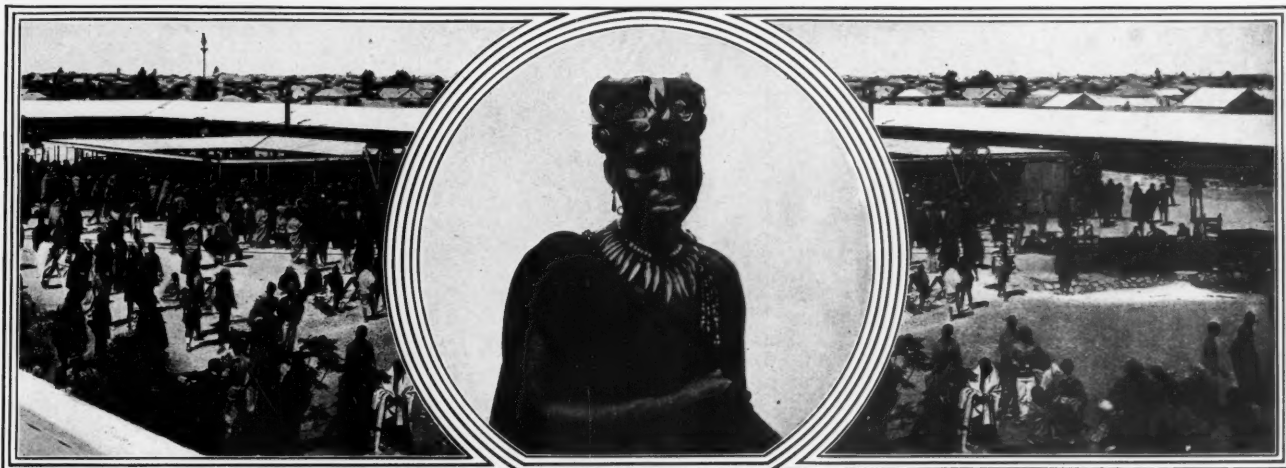
PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. W. GREACEN



THE DE BEERS DIAMOND MINE

A BASUTO TYPE

VICTORIA DRIVE, CAPETOWN



NATIVE DIAMOND DIGGERS

A BASUTO WOMAN

THE KIMBERLEY MINES COMPOUND



A GROUP OF BASUTOS

THE MAIN STREET OF KIMBERLEY

ON THE TRANSVAAL BORDER



BLUE DIAMOND EARTH

ADDERLEY STREET, CAPETOWN

KIMBERLEY MINES

CAPETOWN AND THE SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND MINES



Lost with all Hands.

by Cutcliffe Hyne

DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL

HE HEAVED IT HIGH INTO THE WINDY AIR AS FAR AS HIS ARM COULD FLING



IT SEEMS THAT even up till to-day men look upon the foundering of the *Stuttgart* as a case of "all hands," and I know it did get into the papers that out of the four hundred and three live men and women that sailed in her out of Corunna, not one ever touched land again, except those few that the seas spewed up on some of the Portuguese reefs as smashed and dragged corpses.

But I was on board that steamer myself when she happened her accident, and I'm sitting here now in Ballindochater; and that English coal trimmer who called himself Vaughan, though that was merely a purser's name, came to shore again also, none the worse for what he'd gone through, save for that cut the oar blade gave him just above the bridge of his nose. Whether Vaughan has met his latter end since is beyond my knowledge. I haven't set eyes on the man since we parted.

The *Stuttgart* was a Clyde-built ship, and in the sixties had been one of the flyers of the Western Ocean trade. When she was cast from the passenger line, she was put on to cargo for a bit till she got too slow and extravagant, and then she was bought by the Germans for the River Plate run. They put triple expansions in her, and sent her out of Hamburg four voyages a year; and by cutting expenses, and getting bounties, they made fine dividends—fine for Germans, that is.

It's nothing to my credit that a man of abeilities like mine should have been on such a vessel at all. But I may as well admit that I'd been at my old games again, and had little choice left me. I'd been on a salvage job in the Canaries just before, and had done well by my company, and had been dashed two twenty-pound notes in Liverpool by way of bonus. Any one but a fool would have sent the money away out of harm's light; but I thought well to just wet it, and of course once a start was made the whole lot went tripping into other folks' pouches. I'm a very careful man in ordinary, but with whiskey in me you might think I was the Prince of Wales by the way I can fling good siller broadcast.

When I'd my pockets cleaned, I must needs try and borrow from a policeman. I'd stood him beer when I was flush, and told him then I was due to have some-

thing back from him. He replied by calling me Scotch; and that's a thing I'll take from no man when the drink is in me. So I just telled him who I considered his mither might be; and we had it out there and then in the street. Gosh, but you was a fight! We'd a crowd round us forty deep. We just fought it out with the naked fists; and at last he went down whack on the paving stones, and stayed there. I wanted to stop and preach over his prostrate corpus, but the crowd were kindly, and hustled me off out of mischief's way, and somehow or other I got to my lodging.

It must have been a dozen hours later when I woke, but there was the fellow's helmet to remind me of my entertainment; and it didn't take much thinking to know it would be healthiest for me to clear in a big hurry. So I just slipped away without ostentation by ways I knew, and before two more hours were over I was travelling down Liverpool River in a Dutchman's stokehold.

It was she that dropped me in Hamburg; and I'd have liked much to have spent a night or so up at San Pauli, but it couldn't be done. I was cleaned out, and I had just to take the handiest berth that offered, and that was Fourth on the *Stuttgart*. I was as good a man as her Second or Third, or, for that matter, as good as her Chief. But I didn't grumble. I was glad enough to get any engineer rating. It was luck I didn't have to sign on as fireman for a second time.

I've sailed in some baddish wrecks in my time, but this *Stuttgart* was 'way ahead of all of them. Two boilers and the engines were the only new things about her, and you wondered how everything else held together.

We picked up dirty weather as soon as we had dropped our Elbe pilot, and the way she buckled and squealed and clattered was a caution. With a head sea we hardly dared to do more than give her just headway. If she'd raced badly the propeller would have shaken the stern frames clean out of her. And she leaked, too. We'd to keep one bilge pump running watch and watch if we didn't want to have water washing over our footplates.

I can tell you I didn't like it at all, and off the Forlands I said so to the Chief in pretty squarish words. He shrugged his shoulders, regular Dutch fashion.

"She is an illustration of cutting der exbenses," says he. "You vill soon get used to her, Herr Mac-Todd. She only wants a bid of nursing. This is der way we Chermans make money. We buy der sheeps from you Britishers after you done mit dem, und den we r-run dem to big profit. Blitzen!" says he, "what would become of der old sheeps if dere vas no one to

buy dem after dey was too shlow for your r-rush-ahead freights, und too seek for your old-frau Board of Drade?"

"The Board of Trade is a fool," said I. "I'm with you there."

"Dey vas not yet fit for der sheep-breaker, Herr Mac-Todd," says he. "Dere is profit still to be made from dem, und we Chermans do it—mit cutting der exbenses."

"You'll cut a bit too deep, and slit your own throats as well, if you don't mind."

"Ach, no," says he. "We Chermans take good care of ourselves always. Joost throttle her down half a turn, Herr Mac. She vas beginning to race badly some more in dese pig seas of your Channel."

Well, of course, that was their way of looking at it, and if a lot of Dutchmen do get drowned, it's their own lookout, and nobody very much misses them. But for myself, if I've got to sail in wrecks like this *Stuttgart*, I like to have extra pay to square up the risk—and that's a thing these Dutchmen don't see at all. However, as you know, I wasn't there quite by my own choice, so I made up my mind to go across with her to Buenos Ayres, and then run if anything in the way of a snugger berth offered itself.

But in the meanwhile we'd got to get there—and that was a longish job. There's one thing about these Dutch vessels, you're not expected to drive them like you are English boats. To-morrow's as good as to-day, and as long as you're there on watch, they don't ask you to keep your firemen and trimmers everlastingly on the hop. They use that beastly patent brick coal, and it's stuff that only makes steam deliberately.

We were only making short passages to begin with; we wanted passengers and cargo, both; and we'd to look in at six little Spanish ports to get them. Corunna was our last place of call. We'd some two thousand demijohns of Hamburg aguardiente to put ashore there, and some ninety tons of cargo, and ninety greasy Spaniards to take on board. There were four hundred and three souls on board the *Stuttgart* when she let go her wraps, and only two of us were ever to smell land again. It's a bit awful when you think about it.

It was dark and breezing up when we cleared Corunna Harbor, and outside there was an ugly run of sea ready waiting for us. There was a noise about the ship that struck me like a dirge; there were three hundred and fifty passengers—all poor folk emigrating, and all moaning with seasickness; and the old steamer herself, straining in the seas, was filled with groans from every part of her, as though she had been a live thing in mortal pain from the wrenches.

The night came away thick as a hedge with spindrift

and driving rain, and news got down to the engine-room that we'd missed a homeward-bound P. and O. by a short fathom, and that her officers had been cursing blue lightnings off their upper bridge.

That was off Finisterre. But the blow shifted round a point or two more to the southward when we'd rounded the Cape, and when we got the full weight of it, we in the engine-room had too many duties of our own to think of to leave time for worry about what was the business of those on deck. You see with that enormous head sea, the propeller was out of water half its time, and we just had to throttle her down. If she'd raced badly, the whole thing would have been U.P. in a couple of minutes. Even as it was, giving her about one-quarter steam, you'd have thought that the engines would have jumped clear of their bedplates when the propeller rose into the wind over the back of a sea.

At every heave, scummy black water swilled knee-high over our footplates, and although both bilge-pumps were clacking away for all they were worth, it was all they could do to keep it under. She leaked everywhere, and every time she shipped it green over the decks, it came down through our skylights in regular cascades. It was no weather for the *Stuttgart*. Even the old Chief owned that. "It looks," I heard him say, "as though dey'd cut der exbenses too fine dis drip. Dose diregtors vas to blame, Herr Mac, and dot's a fact. Dey haf been too hungry after der brotits." He had his ear at the bridge speaking-tube. "Ach Gott!" says he, "here's der Ole Man saying she hasn't way enough for him to keeb her head on to der seas. If I give her more steam, it vill jump der engines right outside of herself." He shouted back an answer, and went off to oil the eccentric bands.

I didn't expect to live the night through, and I don't think anybody else in the engine-room did either; but we went on with the work for all that as though nothing was happening. I will say that for those Dutch engineers: they didn't show funk. But routine's a great thing.

All this time the water in her had been getting worse. Whiles we'd be dry when she rolled her other bilge down the hill, and whiles we'd have a regular sea swilling about us, hip-deep. The place was full of steam, too, from the swill slopping against the boiler fires, and our lights showed through it dimly, like street-lamps in a fog.

As I say, the water got deeper in our engine-room, and the bilge pumps might have been standing for all the good they seemed to do; the pressure was running down, too, in the gauges, because the fires were getting swamped; but I think it was a bit of an accident from outside that gave her the final quietus. We felt the numb of a shock, not much you know, but just enough to swear by, and the cold water deepened around us by inches to the minute. I think she must have struck some floating wreckage; blundered on to it as like as not with her broadside; and it was too much for her. A stouter ship would have heeded nothing a knock like that, but the *Stuttgart* was old and frail, and she started a plate, and then it was sea-floor for her and no excuse. The bulkheads were as useful as so much paper.

Well, one might as well be drowned where one was as out in the cold wet gale on deck, so when the Chief and the others went up the ladder, I stayed. I climbed to the mid-platform and put my back against a warm oil standard. There's a companionship about engines—and besides, if God sees you peg out sticking to the work you're paid for, I've a notion He won't forget it when He's squaring up His account-book.

The engines died hard. Some one from the bridge telegraphed for "full speed," and I opened the throttle, and they jumped ahead like live things. It didn't matter what they carried away then; but all held, and the spurt didn't last for long. They slowed as though they were sick, poor beggars—they'd not fifty pound of steam left to live upon—and then they took to stopping on the turn. It made me wet-eyed to think about them—fine triple-expansions like those, thrown away in a rotten hull like the *Stuttgart*'s.

Then some one flung open the door above, and bawled down: "Hey, Mac, are you below there?"

"Ay, ay, sir," said I.

"Then quit that hold, you d—d fool, and come out on deck and get drowned like a Christian."

I never found out who gave that order, but I did as I was bidden. The engines, poor things, were as good as dead already. Mortal man would never handle valve again on them till all the seas were drained.

II

The *Stuttgart* rolled in the trough as helpless as a crazy drain-pipe, and you wondered why she did not turn turtle altogether. First one covering board squelched fathoms deep in the sea, and then the other swooped down to an even greater depth. The emigrants inside her lay sick in their bunks, and drowned there like rats in the noisy dark.

The ship had boats in abundance when she left the Elbe, but if you ask me where they were then, I could not say. The seas were making a clean beach over her. And such seas they were, too, I've never seen the like of. They were no ordinary waves. They were great green mountains of water that hit down upon the decks like earthquakes. No vessel built of man could have long withstood that pounding, and the *Stuttgart* was wearily old, and long overdue to meet her end.

Bridge, boats, skylights and rail were all over the side when first I came on deck, and as I lay there hanging on to a stanchion stump, I knew that more was swept away every time the tearing seas sluiced across her fabric. But I could see nothing in detail; all lights were out by then; all was inky blackness, and beating water, and ponderous bellowing noise. It was horrible to have to die helpless in the peopled dark like that.

If I'd been one of those writing fellows, I could have put down a lot about how the Old Man and his officers acted, and how attempts were made to save the passengers, and all that, the same as you read in a slap-up evening newspaper. But as it is, I can't write anything of value. I saw nothing; it was all dark, cold, and numbing; and no orders could have been heard, even if any were given; and for the matter of that I didn't see any one to carry them out. I haven't imagination like those clever writing chaps. I can't write down an account of what might have happened; I haven't it in me.

I hung on to that stanchion for it might have been two hours—though I wouldn't swear it was above two minutes—and then the deck seemed to break up beneath me, and I found myself soused over ears in the sea.

I tried to drown, and could not. The spirit was willing, but the swimming instinct was strong in me. I trod water, breathed the wet air, and cursed myself for being weak enough to let the agony be prolonged. I shouted aloud into the storm that I was done with life, that death might have me when it wished, and then something gray and solid loomed out through the blackness. It was one of the *Stuttgart*'s lifeboats. She was riding leak uppermost. My knuckles scraped against her side.

I worked round, hooked a finger into one of her rudder gudgeons, and so rested, and presently, when a wave righted her, I clambered inside over the stern sheets. The oars were made fast along the thwart. I slipped one from the lashing and passed it through the grummet on the stern post. She was full of water and very unhandy, but I got her round head to sea, and that saved her from capsizing again.

At that moment a queer thing happened. The syren of the *Stuttgart* gave a preliminary cough to get the water out of the pipe, and then it went "whoop-a-doodle-doo"—for all the world like a Thames tugboat larking down the river with excursionists.

I turned round and stared. I could just make out the loom of her faintly through the blackness. She tried another crow, but it was very faint, and she only got half through with it when up went her stem in the air, with the water pouring off it in wild cascades. The stern dipped beneath the sea. Then a wave reared up ahead of me and blocked out all view, and when my boat had ridden over it the steamer was gone. There was nothing around me but huge black waves, roaring and leaping against a darker blackness.

I hawled out any words which came to my mouth. I wanted company; and if any one still floated and lived, I hoped the shouts would draw them to the lifeboat. I didn't expect to live out the gale (although you can bet I wasn't going to give up till I was forced), but when it came to dying, I wanted some one to die with me—even if it was only a Dutchman. A man never knows what loneliness really means till he's tasted times like that.

A lot of time passed—it might have been another two hours, or it might have been more, or less, I haven't much notion—and then a voice hailed me from the water. I couldn't scull the boat toward it, because with the water up to her thwart she was about unmanageable; but I hailed back, and presently a fellow swam slowly up out of the darkness, swooping thirty feet up and down on the waves.

He was slow in getting on board. In fact he missed a dozen chances, and I thought he was numbed with cold. But at last I saw that he'd got a grating in tow, with some one else hanging to it whom he would not desert; and finally when he did get hold of the gunwale, he'd the other chap's necksuff in his spare hand. I made shift to get them both in over the side, and there they lay, like a couple of wet clouts, across a thwart, with the water washing backward and forward over them. I couldn't help. I was up to my eyes in the steering; besides, what did it matter, as there was small chance of anything but drowning for the lot of us?

But presently the chap who had been swimming straightened himself and sat up. Day was beginning to get into the sky, and by that time we could see one another a little, and presently says he, "By the living powers it's MacTodd!"

"Hullo!" I said, "are you English?"

"You bet!" said he. "I was in the stokehold, but not in your watch. This Johnnie is English, too. He was a passenger; and third-class at that. But he seems well off. He offered me a cool thou', cash down, if I'd save his life, and I've had a shy at it. He isn't much of a specimen—a runaway shopkeeper, I should think—but he was English, so I thought I'd stick to him. I suppose we three are the only ones the sea hasn't grabbed? Well, Rule Britannia! Did you hear the old *Stuttgart* give her final crow?"

"It was loud enough."

"That was me. I found the whistle string lying handy, and just fired off a 'cock-a-doodle-do,' like one used to on the launch on fireworks nights at Henley and those places. I tried a second crow, but she hadn't wind enough for it, so I grabbed the shopkeeper here and the grating, and just jumped. Much obliged to you for giving us room in the lifeboat, Mr. MacTodd."

"You'll have to work your passage, then," said I, "or it's no unlikely you'll be split within the next minute or so. Get your hands to work, and scoop this water overboard."

"Ay, ay, sir," said he, and started in; and I went on straining every thaw at my employment. I think the gale began to lessen a little from then onward, but the sea was running as high as ever, and it was weary work keeping that heavy boat nose-on to it with the steering oar. But after he'd cleared the water from her nearly down to the floor grating, my fireman found a rope in the fore locker, and made it fast to the spare oars, and threw them overboard; and in another min-

ute we were riding snugly to a sea anchor which broke all the combers before they reached us.

"I'm a 'ful glad to have you," said I to the fireman. "What might be your name?"

"What's it matter?" says he. "Besides, I forget. No, by the way, I don't though. I signed on as J. Vaughan. Yes, I'm John or Jacob Vaughan, at your service, Mr. MacTodd. But look here I say, what's wrong with trying to pull back the shopkeeper into life again? I think I saw him stir just now."

We took the other man from where he lay, and sat all three of us on an after-thwart, with him between us, to try and coax some warmth into his body. I cannot say he looked healthy. His face was gray, and all his limbs were limp. He was a little, plump, soft-handed man, of the sort that can't stand rough treatment, and the sea had washed most of the life clean out of him. He opened his eyes after a bit, and "Where are we?" he asked.

"Open boat—cruising somewhere off the Portuguese coast," says Vaughan, "and I'm sure I hope you like it."

That seemed to wake him, and he stared at the tearing seas with wild round eyes, and seemed to remember. "Shall we be saved?" he asked.

"We aren't drowned yet," says Vaughan. "But whether we shall get to the dry mud again is more than I can say. By the way, you owe me a thousand pounds."

"What for?"

"Services rendered. If you don't pay it, I've a strong mind to put you back in the water again. I fancy you're a bit of a Jonah."

The man shuddered. "You know what I'm here for then?"

"From what you let drop on the *Stuttgart*, when you'd got the fear of God very near to you, I should say you are a shopkeeper of sorts, absconding with some one else's money."

"I'm a bank manager, sir."

"Same thing. I don't suppose they'll take much count of the difference when you land at the place you're going to."

"Do you think I am dying, then?" says the man in a whisper.

"For that matter I wouldn't purchase the lives of any of us for much. But so far as looks go, you're the least healthy of the three."

"It's been the cold; and my heart's bad. I came this voyage for my health."

"Purser's name, ragged clothes, shaved mustache, third-class berth on a German emigrant ship," says Vaughan, totting off the items on his fingers. "It's the sort of way a banker would travel for the benefit of his honored health. I guess, my son, I know precisely the kind of health you mean. You've had an affection of the chest—the money chest. Have you got the boodle on you?"

The man had sunk into a kind of torpor. Vaughan shook him and repeated his question. "Have you got the money on you?" he asked.

"I changed it to diamonds, and I had them strung into a necklace."

"Left it in the *Stuttgart*?"

The man shook himself free from us, clutched his coat together with trembling fingers, and glanced from one to the other of us with wild staring eyes. Then he toppled backward off the thwart in a breathless faint.

"He's got the plunder with him in his pocket," said Vaughan thoughtfully. "Nothing like having these things in portable shape. And he's got a thundering sick heart in him, too. I wonder if he's pukka dead this time?"

I knelt on the grating beside the man, and lifted his head. "He's life in him yet," I said. "Man, ye should be sweeter in your talk. Who are you to cast stones against him?"

"He's a banker, is he?" says Vaughan, thoughtfully. "They don't skip with sixpence ha'penny in their pockets when they do conclude to make a bolt of it. I'd like to have a look at that necklace. I bet it's a beauty."

He broke off there, and stared at the great waste of heaving water. I busied myself in attending to the banking gentleman. Day was up by this time; the floating anchor of oars broke the combers, and the lifeboat rode dryly. The sun was getting into the air, too, and warming us and drying our sodden clothes. But no warmth seemed to stay in the man on the grating. I'm a fellow that's picked up some scrap of surgical knowledge, and it didn't take me long to see that he was dying. Presently he opened his eyes again, and asked for the second time where he was. He spoke very weak, and I told him as softly as I could; and then, "Mister," said I, "if you've any message to give you'd better hand it to my keeping. Vaughan and I may get ashore—at least there's a slender chance. But I fancy you won't."

"No," he said, feebly. "You're right. My heart's done." And then he broke off again, and shut his eyes, and appeared to think. "Look here," he said, "can I trust you?"

"No!" says Vaughan.

"Yes!" says I. "My father was the most respectable man in Scotland."

"Well, I've got to," says he, with a quivering sort of sigh. He tried to lift a hand but couldn't. "There's an envelope in my breast pocket. I haven't strength left to get it myself. Pull it out for me, will you?" I did that. It was a linen envelope, and the wet had not spoiled it.

"The necklace is inside there, and with it the address of my wife. If you'll take it to her she'll reward you."

"For handing on your stolen goods?" said Vaughan.

The man squirmed on the grating.

"At least I've given my life for them," said he. "My wife—" he said, and raised himself on an elbow.



DRAWN BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

"COLUMBIA'S" LAST

"COLUMBIA" BEATING TO WINDWARD ON HER LAST TRIAL RACE WITH "DEFENDER" BEFORE ENGAGING



" LAST TRIAL SPIN

BEFORE ENGAGING IN THE SERIES OF INTERNATIONAL RACES WITH "SHAMROCK" FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP

"My wife—" he whispered, and his gray face bent slowly back till the apple in his neck stood out like an egg. And then the rolling boat threw him off his balance, and he fell back with a sudden thud on to the grating.

I knelt and looked at him. "He's dead enough this time," said I.

"Dead as Julius Caesar!" says Vaughan. "Open the envelope, Mr. MacTodd."

"For why?" says I.

"For why? To see where you've got to take it, to be sure. You can't read the lady's name from the outside, can you?"

"No," said I, "that's right enough." I put my thumb in the flap. The gum was wet, and it pulled open easily enough. And then I hugged out a necklace.

My certie, what a sight that was! The stones were as big as Lima beans! I'd never seen such stones; no, not even worn by ladies singing in the halls. The sun caught them, and the flashes they gave out were enough to make me wink.

"Gosh, mon," I said, "ye were right. It's no six-pence ha'penny he was content with stealing. This gaud will be worth all a seven hundred pound. And I'm a bit of a judge."

"A judge!" shouts Vaughan. "You a judge! You great gump! Seven hundred pounds! Say seventeen thousand, and you'll be closer the mark. And God knows I can go near the price. I've bought enough of them for one woman and another. If I hadn't I shouldn't be here. Yes, there's seventeen thousand pounds' worth of gems in your hands this minute if there's a penny's worth. Why, man, that's a necklace a queen might sigh for and never get."

"Seventeen thousand pounds!" says I. "You don't say!"

"Ay, but I do, and I've got first mortgage on it for ten hundred."

"How's that?"

"For salvage."

"Well, I suppose that's right. If it hadn't been for you, the stones would have been on the sea-floor this minute. But what do you suppose the ledgy will give me out of it?"

"Half-a-crown and a drink of beer."

"But I'll be wanting more than that."

"Of course you do. Any sensible man would. And I tell you how we must manage it, Mac. We must sell it ourselves, if we ever do get ashore, which of course is open to doubt—pocket our shares, and send on the balance."

I shivered. "I'd no' like to have the handling of a large sum like that, laddie, if it could be avoided. I—I have my weaknesses."

"So have I, my faith, or do you think I'd have come down from what I was, to firing on a rotten German emigrant boat? And if you want my candid opinion of what will happen, it's here packed small: We shall have difficulty in selling the necklace, because all dealers will take us for thieves, and we shall have to get rid of it on the quiet. We shall get about half value for it, and then we shall start in on a gorgeous spree and never stop till we've spent the last cent."

"Mon," I said with a sigh, "I believe you're right."

"I know I am. We're not fit to touch the thing, either of us. And we'd be doing wrong in giving it to the man's wife. It's stolen—and she's no right to it. And to be short, I don't want to have any further truck with it at all. I've been most kinds of blackguards since I left Oxford, but I've not been the thieving variety up to date, and I don't particularly want to be tempted into it. Look you, Mac, lend me the necklace, and I'll show you a trick of honesty with it."

He took it from my fingers. He swung it to and fro between him and the sun, filling his eyes with the colors of it, and then he heaved it high into the windy air as far as his arm could fling. We never saw the necklace touch the water. A great hill of green leaped up and hid it while yet it was in the air.

"Seventeen thousand pounds!" I said. "Seventeen thousand! Mon, it's an a'ful peety."

He busied himself by getting the lugsail halyards rove and the mast stepped.

"Well," I said, "we're honest yet."

"Indifferently so," says he. "Bear a hand, Mac, and ship that steering oar of yours again. The sea's going down, and we must risk it. Any way, if we stay here we shall starve. I've snugged this lugsail down to the last reef."

He handed aft the sheet, manned the halyards, and masted the lug. Then he went forward, and with his knife sawed through the rope to which we rode to the sea anchor.

I gave her helm, whaler fashion; the sail slatted and filled and drew, and the lifeboat swung round in a potter of foam. The brown hills of Portugal showed warmly across five miles of tearing water on the starboard hand, but I dared not bring the lifeboat on the wind. With that terrible sea that was still running, she would not have lived a minute. Even in rounding her, she had filled again very nearly to the thwarts. There was nothing for it except to run, and edge in slowly. And that is what we did.

The fireman bailed. Only once in four wet boisterous hours did he look up from his work.

"Seventeen blooming thousand pounds!" says he. "Think of it, MacTodd. We could have offered much fine incense to the Devil with that, my lad."

"Diuna mock," I said. "The Almighty's got no one else to listen to out here, and He's giving us both ears."

"You're right," he said, "I won't. I'm feeling d—d virtuous just now, and it won't do to spoil the effect. Seventeen thousand pounds! Supposing I'd got, say, five thou' as my share. I could have gone back with that, and seen London again, and the girls; and—O Lord! O Lord—" And there he broke off and went on with his bailing.

We were drawing nearer all this time to the coastline, for I was edging her in all I dared, and we could

see the surf spouting up along the beach in fountains that gleamed in the sunlight. The lifeboat leaped like a live thing among the waves, and the dead man stared at me open-eyed as he toppled about stiffly on the grating.

To try and run her through those breakers seemed madness; but to stay at sea meant starvation, not to mention that any moment a wrong move with the steering oar might see us capsized. The tongue was glued in my mouth with thirst and I could not talk, but I beckoned my wishes to Vaughan, and he nodded assent.

We were only a quarter of a mile from the beach, and I put the boat squarely for it. Vaughan laid aft and flattened in the sheet, and she slid over the seas like a racing yacht. It made you tingle all over to feel the way she moved. She took the first comber like a jumping horse, and then swirled on in a lake of yeasty broken water. But the crest had filled her to the thwarts, and she had lost her way, and the next roller spun her round like an empty bottle. Vaughan and I jumped for it on either side like a pair of frogs, and then it was each for himself. We never saw trace of either boat or dead man afterward.

It was no' the first time I'd swum in through a bad surf, and I managed it, though it was touch and go, and I landed with the breath nearly knocked out of my body for good and always. But Vaughan was there before me. He'd got a cut over the head from a floating oar, but he didn't seem to mind that. He'd seen a stream trickling down the cliffs beyond the beach, and he was running for that with all the pace of his heels.

I followed slower, and put my face in the cool sweet water, and we drank both of us till we were wellnigh fit to burst. And then we sat down on the moist green moss beside it.

"It's a merciful escape," said I.

"Tis," said he. "You've got that envelope with that woman's name in it?"

"I have it."

"Then tear the thing small, and throw it away."

"What for?"

"Because it can do no good, and it may do harm. You don't want to go and call on her, I suppose, and say you know her husband was a thief, and that he gave you a necklace to carry home, and you haven't got it?"

"I should have no sort of a tale to tell."

"Do the kindest thing, Mac, and let him slip out of memory. It's a chance we bad eggs don't always get. Here am I, now. My people will find out that I shipped in the *Stuttgart* and that she's foundered. At home I've been a nuisance to myself and a terror to my friends. But I've got here a chance to wipe the old slate and start fresh. You only know me under a purser's name; so you couldn't give me away if you wished. But I suppose you'll go and give evidence before some sort of Inquiry Board, and I do ask you as a favor to say you are the only one saved. Then I can't be traced."

"But, mon," said I, "you would be leeing."

"In a good cause, Mac."

"I'll save my conscience," said I, dryly enough. "I'll no' go near any Courts of Inquiry at all. I'd a sma' deeficulty with the police in Liverpool a few weeks back, and it would suit me unco' veel if I was no' heard of for a while. So gin it's a' the same to you, laddie, we'll just keep dark, and let it be thought that the auld *Stuttgart* carried all hands with her when she took you fearsome dive."

We shook hands on that, and went into the country at the back and made a meal off prickly pears. And then, after a sleep, we parted, and I've never seen or heard of Vaughan since. For myself, I got employment during the next few weeks in a beet-sugar mill. And when next I found myself in a seaport town, the sinking of the *Stuttgart* had lost its freshness.

THE END

THE DEWEY CELEBRATION

(SEE PAGES 6 AND 7)

NEVER BEFORE in America was such a reception planned for a home-coming hero as that which New York arranged to give Admiral Dewey so soon as it was learned that he would make his first landing on home soil in this city. It was fitting that the greatest hero of the new imperial America should be welcomed back to his own by the greatest city of the country with the greatest public demonstration of recent years.

New York seldom does things by halves. When the Dewey welcome was decided on, the Municipal Assembly set aside \$150,000 to pay the cost. That was afterward increased by \$25,000. Then the State appropriated \$75,000 to defray the expenses of the National Guard in attendance on the military display. These figures cover but a fraction of the cost of the celebration.

The Mayor named a Dewey Reception Committee of one thousand citizens. Out of these an Executive Committee was formed, which actually took charge of the celebration.

The scheme of the festivities embraced the arrival of the Admiral on Thursday, September 28, a naval pageant, headed by the *Olympia*, on Friday, and a land parade, led and reviewed by Dewey, on Saturday. For two whole days all New York, which for the time harbors a large proportion of the country's population, is given over solely to doing honor to Dewey. Friday and Saturday of that week will be legal holidays.

Here is the sequence of events as arranged in advance: The *Olympia* anchors in the lower bay on Thursday. Nearer the city lie the vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron, drawn up to welcome their sister ship of the Pacific Squadron. At a given signal, the *Olympia* steams past the line of warships, receiving and returning salutes from the ships and the shore forts, and takes her place at the head of the squadron, whose flag-

ship she at once becomes. Rear-Admiral Sampson, in command of the squadron, pays the first official call on his superior officer. Next comes the Mayor and the Reception Committee to tender the Admiral the freedom of the city. Meanwhile every steam whistle in and about the harbor shrieks its loudest, and the ensigns of all the craft dip in respect to the starred flag of our only Admiral.

That night tons of red fire burned along the Jersey and Long Island shores give the officers and men of the *Olympia* an inkling of the brilliancy of the demonstration in store for the morrow.

Surely nothing is more fitting for the welcoming of a naval hero than a water parade—the feature of the second day. Friday morning the *Olympia*, escorted by steamers conveying the various committees, moves slowly up the Hudson, at the head of a line of men-of-war, merchant vessels and pleasure craft seven miles long. The flagship is in spotless white, and her commander stands on the bridge, as he did while directing the fire on Montofo's luckless ships.

Opposite Grant's tomb the milk-white flagship comes to anchor, while the other vessels of the line pass in review before the Admiral. For three hours they file by, forming the most remarkable naval display seen here since the Columbian celebration of 1892.

Friday night fireworks on a monster scale and a general illumination typify the city's rejoicing. From the arch of the Brooklyn Bridge "Welcome, Dewey" shines forth in giant electric letters, visible for miles. From a dozen advantageous points on shore elaborate pyrotechnic displays will be made, and in the East and North Rivers and in the harbor fleets of lighters will send up showers of rockets and cascades of golden fire. Among the features planned for this programme were a mammoth picture of the *Olympia*, a portrait of the Admiral, inscribed "Well Done, Dewey," and the illumination of the water with aluminium fire.

Saturday, September 30, is the great day. Early in the morning Admiral Dewey, installed meanwhile in sumptuous quarters at the Waldorf-Astoria, is driven to the City Hall. There, on a great stand specially erected for the purpose, and in the presence of the city's invited guests, the Mayor presents him with a superb loving-cup of gold, the gift of the municipality of New York. From the City Hall he is escorted to a steamer, which bears him and his distinguished escort up town for the start of the land parade. En route a luncheon is served on the boat, where an opportunity is afforded the notable guests, the justices of the Supreme Court, the members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Cabinet officials, and the visiting Governors to meet the Admiral.

Starting under the shadow of the tomb of that other national hero, Grant, Admiral Dewey is escorted by an imposing military pageant back to the heart of the city. At the head of the line is General Roe, with his staff, and Sousa's band. Conspicuous in it are the sailors and marines of the *Olympia*'s crew marching side by side with the men from Sampson's fighting ships, soldiers of the Cuban and Philippine wars, and regiment after regiment of the National Guard.

Dewey rides in a carriage with this princely escort. By his side sits Mayor Van Wyck. For that carriage and the modest sailor commander in it, the countless thousands who jam the sidewalks, fill the windows, and throng the almost continuous line of stands built along the route, are looking. When it comes into view who shall undertake to describe the outbursting of the enthusiasm pent up since the tidings of what Dewey did in Manila Bay made him the pride of all the people.

Along Riverside Drive to Eighth Avenue, by Fifty-ninth Street to Fifth Avenue, and down that splendid thoroughfare to its terminus at the Washington Arch, the mighty army moves majestically. At Madison Square the Admiral leaves his place at its head and takes position on the great reviewing stand.

It is here that, for the first time on such an occasion in this country, really adequate decorative effects have been provided as the setting for a picture destined to be historical. From Thirty-fourth Street to Twenty-fifth, the column moves between a line of tall trophy masts, surmounted by brass eagles and connected by festoons, forming a fine avenue of Honor. All this the work of the Society of Mural Painters. At Twenty-fourth Street the marching ranks narrow to pass under the Dewey triumphal arch, the *piece de resistance* of the decorative scheme, and the royal contribution of the Society of Sculptors. For a block on either side of the arch itself majestic white columns lead up to it. At the bases of the arch itself, which is modelled on that of Titus at Rome, are groups emblematic of war and peace, portraying the departure of the troops, the combat, the triumphal return, the army and the navy. On its face are medallions of the country's naval heroes, from John Paul Jones to Dewey, and surmounting all is a heroic Victory on the prow of a ship driving four sea-horses. Though mere temporary creations of scaffolding and staff, the arch, its approaches, and the statuary groups give the effect of marble, and, with the harmonizing decorations of the adjoining stands, produce a picture never to be forgotten.

After occupying some seven hours in passing the reviewing stand, the parade comes to an end at last, and the formal welcome home of the Admiral is done. On Saturday evening a "smoker" is given at the Waldorf-Astoria to the sailors of the *Olympia*. On Monday the Admiral takes his departure for Washington.

As a memento of the memorable occasion, the Admiral will preserve a handsome gold medal, presented to him by the city. The medal swings from a jewelled cannon. To this is attached a tablet inscribed "Manila, May 1st, 1898." Below this is the letter D in diamonds. The medal proper bears the portrait of the Admiral, with the inscription, "Reception of Admiral Dewey by the City of New York, 1899." On the reverse is a seated figure of Fame blowing a trumpet. In the background the sun, rising from the sea, shines on the *Olympia*. The whole is jewelled with exceeding richness.

THE NEW BATTLESHIP "KEARSARGE"

(See page 4)

TO THE LINE of America's battleships is added a new and magnificent engine of marine warfare. The *Kearsarge* represents the limit of the progress of recent years in the construction of the modern man-o'-war. She is a formidable and imposing-looking creature, with all the strong beauty of perfect machinery. As she sailed through the Narrows preparatory to taking her place in drydock in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, the *Kearsarge* was the cynosure of all eyes from the decks of the squadron lying at anchor off Tompkinsville. Naval men watched her through their glasses with admiration and with jealousy, for she is by a thousand tons the biggest vessel in Uncle Sam's navy. Her clear white hull and citadel and yellow funnels gave her a distinctive appearance, of which, from the dignity and majesty of her deportment as she moved up the bay, she seemed to be fully conscious. Her wide beam gives her a solid, powerful aspect, and on every hand she was hailed as a worthy acquisition to the veterans of the Spanish war.

Among the most striking peculiarities of the *Kearsarge* are the super-imposed turrets with which she is fitted. Each of the lower turrets is armed with two great long-barrelled black 13-inch guns. The upper turrets are supplied with deadly 8-inch guns, and the four guns of either turret can be fired simultaneously at a single target by a single gunner. The enormous force of such a discharge from these destructive guns would be terrific, and would do grievous damage to the ship itself were she not specially constructed to withstand such shocks.

Another feature which distinguishes the *Kearsarge* from the ships of the *Indiana* class is that she is double-funnelled and double-masted, and has four powerful cranes instead of two. Both turrets and cranes are worked by electricity, not the least important improvement in the essentially modern vessel. The turrets weigh seven hundred tons and can be turned 180 degrees—that is, half the circle—in 33 seconds.

The displacement of the *Kearsarge* on a draught of 24 feet is over 11,500 tons; with all her ammunition, coal, and stores aboard

her displacement will be 1,000 tons more. Her twin set of engines are capable of developing 11,000 horse-power, and the auxiliary engines are capable of a further 1,000 horse-power. The electrical cranes have been tested at 16 tons, and one of them lowers and raises the ship's steam launch with more ease than a barrel of flour could be hauled on board by an old-fashioned crane.

The white paint of this new boat has the effect of making her look even larger than she really is, but still her dimensions are sufficiently formidable. In length she measures 368 feet; in beam, 72 feet 2 inches. Her belt armor is from 9½ to 17 inches thick and her deck-plating is from 2¼ to 5 inches deep. She has proven herself a wonderfully steady ship, and during her trip from Newport News to New York, in a beam sea off the Virginia coast, she rolled only imperceptibly. She has all the qualities of a great fighting ship.

From the outside the *Kearsarge* is a democrat among battleships. She is handsome in a simple, powerful way. Her interior has the same characteristics. It is lacking in dainty and delicate ornamentation, and there is an entire absence of decorative woodwork. And with good reason. An exploding shell usually works its worst mischief by the splinters of wood it sends flying around to maim and kill officers and men. Even in the admiral's stateroom on the *Kearsarge* there is no woodwork frilling. Everything is of plain steel covered with cork paint.

Not until January will this new recruit receive her actual commission. Captain W. F. Folger, who is to command her and who is now on board, is there only as a passenger, and the crew of 250 men which is now manning the vessel are mostly employees of the builders. In December the ship will take on her regular United States crew of 520 men, and in January will take her place in the squadron. All her guns are not yet mounted, but will be almost immediately. Only her second battery of 5-inch rifles remains to be put in place.

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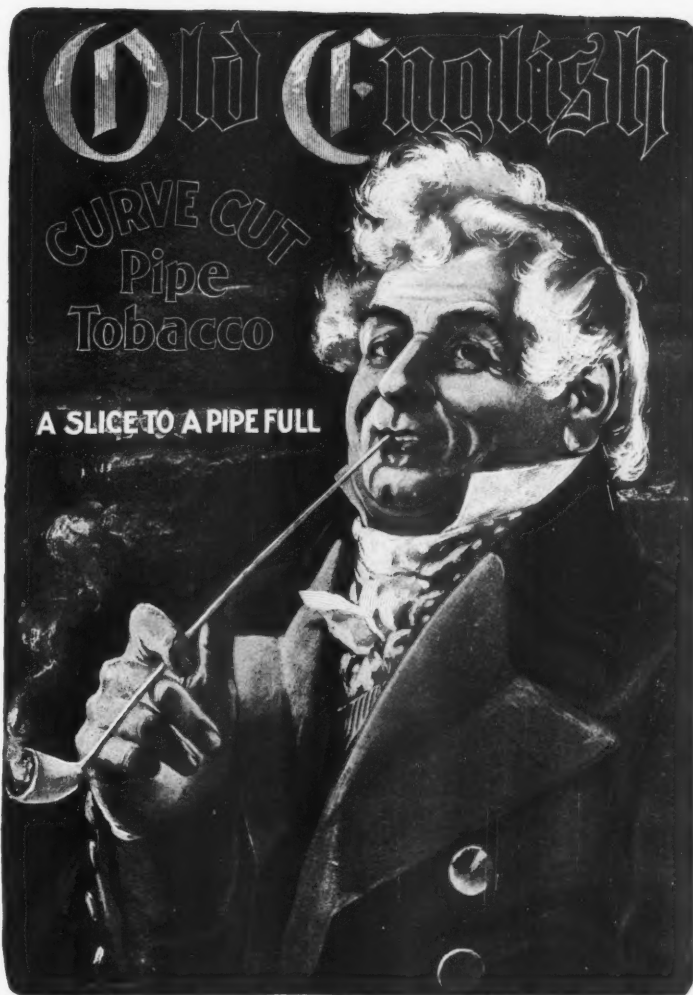
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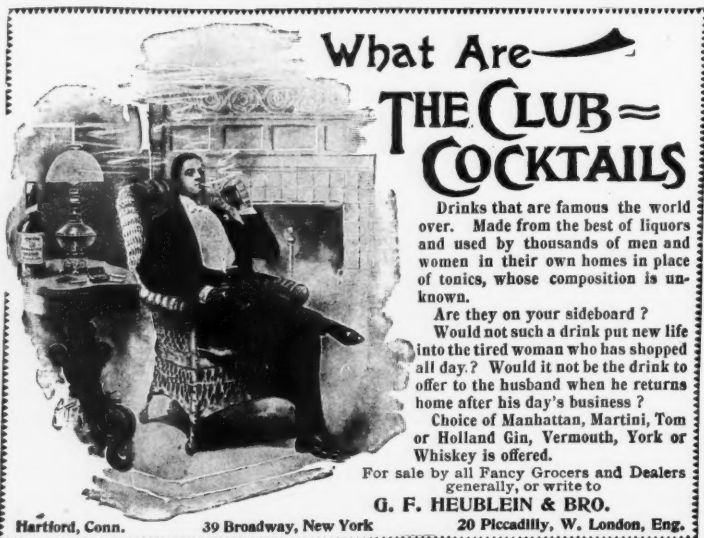
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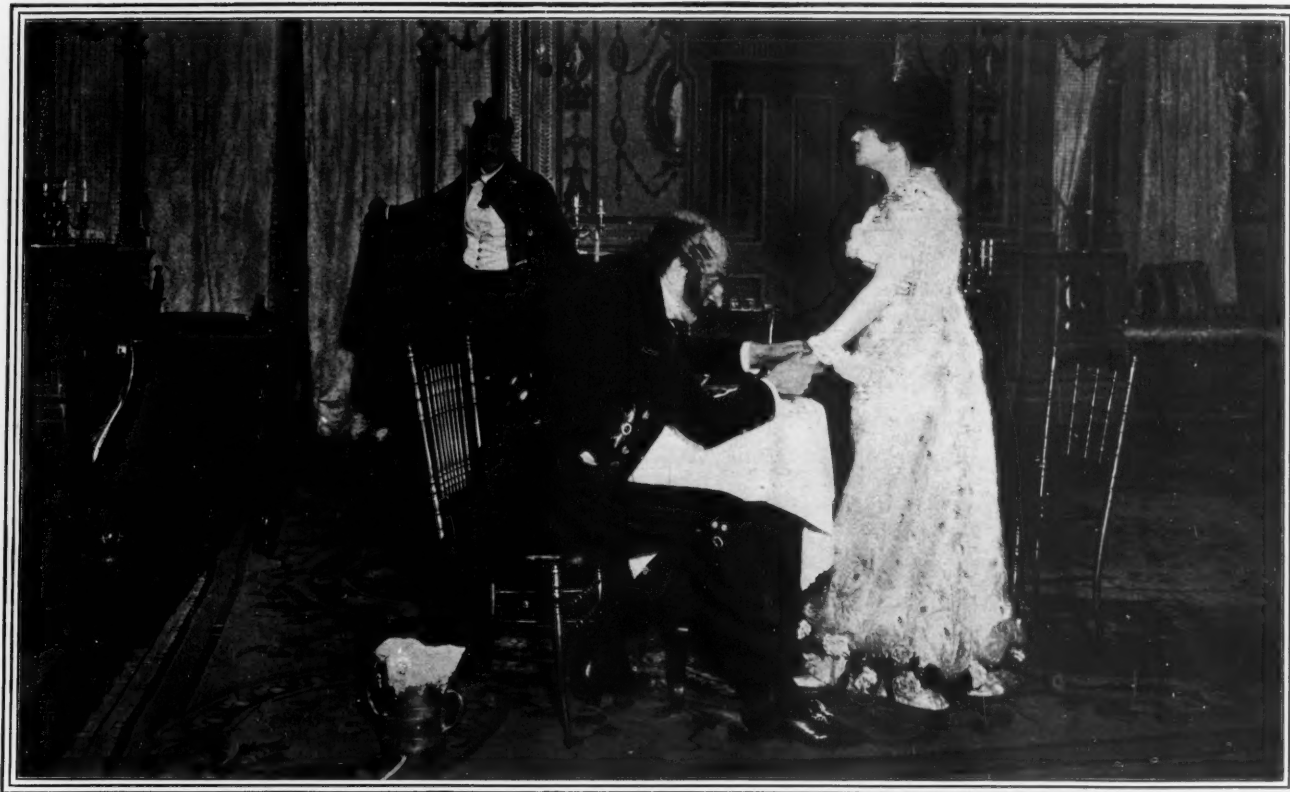
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PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK

RAWDON CRAWLEY
(MR. BARRYMORE)THE MARQUIS OF STEYNE
(MR. POWER)BECKY SHARP
(MRS. FISKE)

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE IN "BECKY SHARP" AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. ACT III., SCENE 2

THE DRAMA

THE STAGE VERSION of "Vanity Fair" made for Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske by Mr. Langdon Elwyn Mitchell, son of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and now presented at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, may not be a good play, but it is an ingenious piece of transference from one form of art to another. Mr. Mitchell, who has had some experience as a dramatist and as a writer for the magazines, was confronted with the double task of constructing a drama out of a brilliant but loose-jointed novel and of satisfying the lovers of Thackeray. He has constructed the drama; he has missed the brilliancy; and, save in a few of the minor characters, he has lost the Thackerayan flavor. Nevertheless, "Becky Sharp" is sufficiently like "Vanity Fair" to have the attraction of reminiscence, and in itself it affords agreeable entertainment.

Perhaps Mr. Mitchell was handicapped by too great reverence for Thackeray. This reverence was shown in the first act at the London house of Miss Crawley, where he introduced in mechanical procession Miss Crawley herself, Becky Sharp, Rawdon Crawley, Amelia Sedley, George Osborne, Dobbins, Sir Pitt Crawley, and the younger Pitt Crawley. He seemed to be saying to the audience: "You see, I'm bound to get all the important people in." The episodes he managed more skilfully; he crowded into the act an astonishingly large amount of material. He characterized the shrewish Miss Crawley; he established the relation between the old maid and the clever, wheedling Becky; he revealed the marriage of Becky and Rawdon, following it with a delicious scene in which Sir Pitt, straight from his wife's funeral, proposed marriage to Becky, was refused, and was discovered on his knees by his sister. From this preparation followed in natural sequence the flight of Becky and Rawdon, and the climatic outburst of wrath on the part of Miss Crawley when she learned of their marriage.

Becky was next revealed at the ball given in Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond, on the eve of Waterloo. For background, we saw a broad staircase leading to the rooms on the lower floor. By this staircase Becky made her entrance, surrounded by gallants. She was enjoying the first taste of power. Ignored by Miss Crawley, she and Rawdon were living very comfortably by their wits. In the midst of her triumphs, Becky came face to face with Lady Bareacres and daughter, both of whom deliberately cut her. This gave Becky a chance to condole with Lady Bareacres for having to go about with "glass eyes." Becky's most persistent adorer was George Osborne, already neglecting Amelia, though married only a few weeks. With George she was simply amusing herself. More alluring game appeared in the worn-out and sneering figure of the Marquis of Steyne, to whom she made appallingly open advances. With gaming and with the dance, the ball went merrily on. Suddenly, one of the guests heard a sound coming from the distance; but the other revellers were too absorbed to notice. It was repeated—again and again. Cannon! The dancers stopped with horror in their faces. Then followed a wild scurrying. But Becky kept her head. When Lady

Bareacres, whose snobbishness had been put to flight by terror, tried to buy her horses, Becky had her revenge, and a few moments later she made enough to live on for a year, by selling the horses to Joseph Sedley. Her farewell with Rawdon on his way to fight achieved a nice bit of characterization, exactly in the spirit of Thackeray's Becky, in which a certain faint tenderness was mingled with utter selfishness and natural good humor.

We found Becky in the third act eight years later, living on terms of *camaraderie* with Rawdon in lodgings in Mayfair. Her cleverness had made her a social success, and had helped Rawdon to win new victims at the card table. Becky, however, was deeply in debt, on the verge of disaster. In her terror she appealed to Lord Steyne, who made a bargain, to be kept that very night. It was a hideous situation, and to extenuate it, the dramatist had introduced a long and inexcusable soliloquy, in which Becky moralized on life in general and on her own miserable adventures. That soliloquy must have covered several pages of manuscript; every word of it should be cut out. Then came the great situation of the piece. Rawdon left Becky for the evening, and as soon as he was gone, Becky received Lord Steyne. From her window she witnessed Rawdon's arrest by the bailiffs, heartlessly turning to sit at table with Steyne, to deck herself with diamonds, and to amuse her guest. Suddenly Rawdon burst in. In his astonishment and rage, he struck Steyne to the floor. Becky kept exclaiming: "I am innocent!"

And Steyne, with blackmail in his mind, rose, and cried: "It's a trick!" Then Steyne slunk away and Rawdon burst out after him, to be seen no more. It was an exciting scene, and it would have given vitality to a worse piece.

We took leave of Becky in her squalid lodgings in Pumpnickel, where she was living with Joseph Sedley and a few other boon companions. Nothing was said of Rawdon; so far as he was concerned, those of us who had not read the novel were left in the dark. Becky, in spite of adversity, had kept her spirit and her hypocrisy, which she was now practicing on the fatuous Sir Pitt and his guileless wife, as well as on the unsuspecting Amelia. Here, however, Becky performed her single act of disinterested friendship; she brought together for life the widowed Amelia and the faithful, unobtrusive Dobbins. When Sir Pitt Crawley called to take their *protégée* to church, Becky carefully hid the whiskey bottles in the bed and received her guests with a beautiful humility. We bade her farewell as she was going to church in a bonnet that was in itself a proof that she had become supremely respectable.

Though her qualities would seem perfectly suited to the character, Mrs. Fiske is by no means the Becky Sharp of the novel. She fails to suggest Becky's superabundant animal spirits and her unvarying good-nature. In the first act, her impersonation seems like a hysterical caricature. Her treatment of the scene with Sir Pitt is simply incomprehensible; she makes it a kind of nervous burlesque. In the second act, she is altogether successful, notably in depicting Becky's supreme *nonchalance*. Her great scene with Lord Steyne, however, though extremely skilful in its suggestion of terror, lacks the vitality and the fascination which are absolutely essential. The last act she plays with a delicious appreciation of Becky's humor and deceit. Throughout the impersonation Mrs. Fiske repeatedly falls into those mannerisms which seem very natural and effective to those who see her for the first time, but which, on repetition, give the impression of being mere tricks. For example, she starts a speech on a high key and keeps it there during the delivery of several sentences. On the other hand, she frequently delivers her lines in a manner so natural, bringing out clearly and forcibly the point, that the listener is tempted to exclaim with delight. Among the other players in an extraordinarily long cast, the best work is done by Mr. Tyrone Power, as Lord Steyne. Mr. Maurice Barrymore has made a success as Rawdon Crawley; his methods suit the part. But he infuses it with no individuality, and wherever he can he sentimentalizes it. A capital bit of characterization is given by Mr. Robert V. Ferguson as Sir Pitt Crawley, but the younger Pitt Crawley is degraded by Mr. Charles Plunkett into a comic-opera figure. Miss Crawley, too, exaggerated by the dramatist, is made preposterous by Miss Ida Waterman, who appears in a young make-up in a part that Mrs. Gilbert could play to perfection. Mr. William E. Owen looks Joseph Sedley to the life, but he does not try to avoid overacting. As William Dobbins, Mr. Wilfrid North might have stepped straight out of an illustrated edition of Thackeray. The other parts are all adequately played. A great deal of care and money have evidently been spent on the production. The scenery is correct, the costumes are elaborate and beautiful. Altogether, the production deserves the success it is having.

JOHN D. BARRY.



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A PRIME MINISTER'S HOBBIES

THE NEW French Premier, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, is an ardent angler. He is not only president of the Council of State, but president of the Roanne Fishing Club. In his letter to his fellow-fishermen accepting the honor, he wrote: "The presidency of an anglers' club is perhaps that for which I feel myself most prepared by conscientious study and practice for which I never find sufficient leisure." Besides his fishing hobby, M. Waldeck-Rousseau is credited with painting on china and making Japanese sketches for fans.

INTERRUPTED CIRCULATION

ON ONE occasion, while examining the mechanism of the monster revolving lamp belonging to a lighthouse, a visitor, wishing to see how many seconds would elapse before it completed a revolution, took a half-dollar from his pocket and placed it on the revolving framework. Watch in hand, he patiently waited for the coin to come round again to where he was standing, but no coin appeared. The seconds lengthened into minutes, still no half-dollar.

"Strange!" he exclaimed. "What can be the reason of it?"

In order to ascertain he walked round to the other side of the lamp, and in doing so encountered one of the lighthouse men, who touched his hat, and said, in an undertone: "Thank you, sir."

A KLONDIKE GAME

ACCORDING to the "Dawson City Nugget," a new swindle is exposed. "The would-be swindler," says the "Nugget" reporter, "fills a sack partly full of shot and enters one of our many playhouses. Throwing the sack carelessly on the table, he calls for a 'stack of whites' or 'blue,' according to his ambition. The dealer drops the sack into his drawer. If the player wins, his sack is returned to him and gold to the amount of his winnings is weighed out to him."

If he loses, the bank is richer by some excellent buckshot. But how the swindler escapes having some of it permeate his anatomy the "Nugget" saith not.

HE PLAYED HOOKEY

A VERY subdued-looking boy of about thirteen years, with a long scratch on his nose and an air of general dejection, came to his teacher in a country school and handed her a note. Then he took his seat, and became deeply absorbed in his book.

The note read as follows:

"Miss B.,—Please excuse James for not being there yesterday. He played troatant, but you don't need to lick him for it, as the boy he played troatant with an' him fell out, an' the boy licked him, an' a man they sassed caught him an' licked him, and the driver of a van they lung on to licked him also. Then his pa licked him, an' I had to give him another for sassin' me for telling his pa, so you need not lick him until next time. I think he feels he better keep in school hereafter."

WENT HIM BETTER

IT WAS at an auction-room. The place was crowded, and the collection of furniture, art and bric-a-brac being unusually choice the bidding had been very spirited. During an interval of the sale, a man with a pale and agitated countenance pushed his way to the auctioneer's side and engaged him in a whispered conversation.

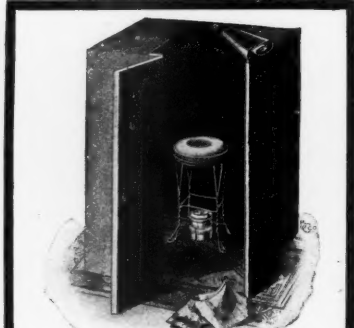
Presently he stood aside, and the auctioneer rapped attention with his little hammer.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, in a loud voice, "I have to inform you that a gentleman present has lost his pocketbook containing five hundred dollars. He offers fifty dollars for it."

"I offer one hundred," roared an eager voice from the rear.

A PUZZLER FOR PA

"Pa, you know—"
"No, I don't."
"Don't what, pa?"
"Don't know the answer to whatever question you are going to ask."
"Why, you don't know what I am going to ask, do you, pa?"
"No, of course not."
"Then how do you know you don't know what it is?"
"I don't know what it is that I don't know; but all the same I know I don't know it."
"But, pa, if you don't know what it is that you don't know, how do you know that you don't know? If you don't know, it seems to me that you don't know whether you know or don't know, and—"
"I know I don't know, simply because I don't know the answers to any of the outlandish questions that your peculiar inquisitiveness is forever prompting you to ask."
"But, pa—"
"Ah, well; ask your question and be done with it. What is it that you want to know?"
"Why, I—I don't know. You've made me forget it!"



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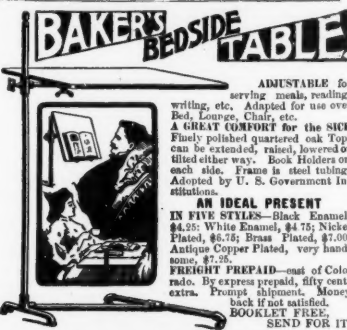
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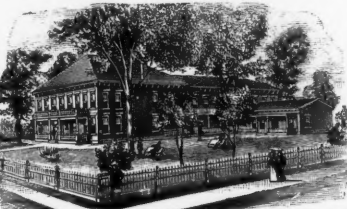
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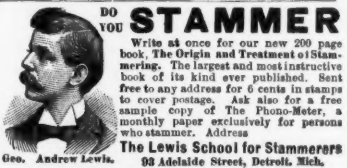
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WHY HE WAS IN PRISON

AN OLD whitewasher stood before the Court as a witness. The lawyer for the defendant tried to confuse him.

"You are James Miller?"

"Yes."

"Are you the James Miller who was sentenced under mitigating circumstances for robbery?"

"No."

"You are, perhaps, the Miller who was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for theft, then?"

"I am not that Miller, either."

"Were you ever in prison?"

"Yes; twice."

"How long the first time?"

"One afternoon."

"One afternoon! And the second time? You must make a truthful statement, for you are a sworn witness. If you were in prison for so short a time, what did you do?"

"I whitewashed a cell for a lawyer who had cheated his clients."

The lawyer did not ask any more questions on that subject.

A FOOTBALL MAKESHIFT

A FOOTBALL captain could not get his eleven to go to a town five miles away, so he wired to that effect to the secretary of the opposing team.

"Can't let you off," answered the secretary. "Crowd waiting already."

The captain made another effort to get his men together, but without success, and was once more obliged to wire his inability to come. This ought to have settled the matter, but it didn't. In half an hour back came another telegram, couched in terms which made the distracted captain still more angry. "If you can't come yourselves," ran the message, "please send your sweaters for railroad hands to wear; people won't know the difference!"

Needless to say, the sweaters were not sent.

A YOUTHFUL SAM WELLER

INQUISITIVE people sometimes find satisfaction in catechising little boys about their names and affairs. This is how one of these curious persons recently fared:

"Halloo, little boy! What is your name?"

"Same as dad's," said the boy.

"What's your dad's name?"

"Same as mine."

"I mean, what do they call you when they call you to breakfast?"

"They don't never call me to breakfast."

"Why don't they?"

"'Cause I alluz git there fust."

SOMETHING PUT HER OFF

ONE rainy day in spring an old fisherman returned to his native village after an absence of fifteen years, and fearfully sought the house which sheltered his deserted wife. Entering without knocking, he seated himself near the open door, took a long and vigorous pull at his dirty clay pipe, and nodded jerkily to "t'owd woman."

"Mornin', Maria," he said, with affected unconcern.

She looked up from the potatoes she was peeling, and tried to utter the scathing tirade she had daily rehearsed since his departure; but it would not come.

"Ben," she said instead, once more resuming her work, "bring y'ouse o'er to t' fire, an' Ah'll darn that hole i' yer jersey. Ah meant doin' it t' day ye went away, but summat put me off!"

A TRUMP QUESTION

"ONCE," said the colonel solemnly, "and only once, I had all thirteen trumps dealt me."

"Er—I suppose you were the dealer?" suggested a candid friend.

"No, sir!" roared the colonel, "no, sir! I was not the dealer!"

"Then may I ask what happened to the trump which the dealer turned up?"

And a terrible silence ensued.

ONE ON THE WAG

REDYARD KIPLING recently sold a book to his publisher at a rate that worked out to a shilling a word. The publication of this fact came under the notice of a Fleet Street humorist, who, "for the fun of the thing," wrote to the author saying that, as wisdom seemed to be quoted at retail prices, he himself would like one word, for which he enclosed a shilling postal order. The reply came, in due course. Mr. Kipling had kept the shilling postal order, and politely returned (written on a large sheet of paper) the word "Thanks!"

THE FISH SPOKE

HEARING a faint rustle in the dark hallway below, the elder sister, supposing the young man had gone, leaned over the balustrade and called out:

"Well, Bessie, have you landed him?"

There was a deep, sepulchral silence for some moments. It was broken by the hesitating, constrained voice of the young man: "She has."

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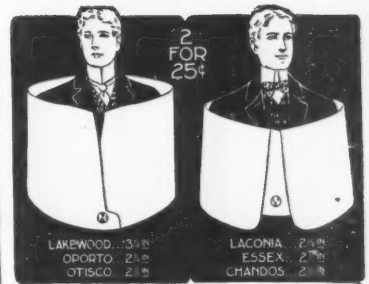
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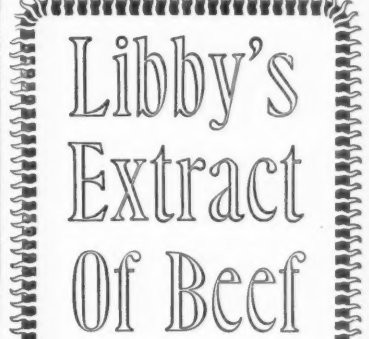
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Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"



NAVAL ARCHITECTS the world over have proven that no amount of sail or steam power will drive a poorly shaped vessel through the water as fast as one that is fashioned by a skillful hand, and whose lines are fair and true. It is not strange therefore that experts of to-day find in the lines of the peerless yacht *Columbia* some that are identical with those still existing in the old *America*, built forty-eight years ago to battle for the possession of the same trophy for which *Columbia* is now sailing against *Shamrock*.

Those who saw *America* sail in August of this year with the New York Yacht Club fleet, in the run from Brenton's Reef to Vineyard Haven, when *Columbia* and *Defender* had their famous race, will gladly testify to the old yacht's remarkable speed. She defeated some of the modern yachts in the fleet, while "cracking on" sail in a fashion that made the yachting sharp's gaze in astonishment.

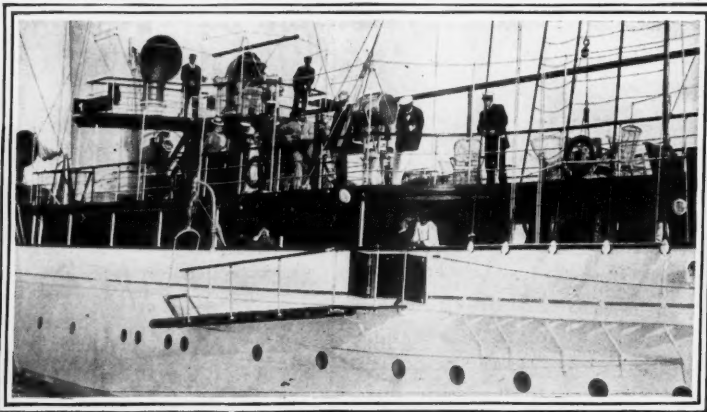
According to the New York Yacht Club book for 1899, *America* is now the property of Butler Ames of Boston. Her tonnage is 89.59 gross, and 85.12 net. She measures 108 feet over all and 90 feet 1 inch on the water-line. Her beam is 22 feet 6 inches; her depth of hold 11 feet, and draught 12 feet. *America* is, and always has been, a keel schooner.

Now let us compare *America* of forty-eight years ago with the yacht of to-day. The builder's certificate, still in the archives of the New York Custom House, reads as follows: Register 290; June 17, 1851. William H. Brown master, builder, and only owner of the schooner-yacht *America*. Built in New York in 1851. Length, 93 feet 6 inches; breadth, 22 feet 6 inches; depth, 9 feet; measurement, 170 50-95 tons. The yacht was designed by George Steers, under the direction of William H. Brown, at the foot of West Tenth Street, New York, and launched in May, 1851.

The yacht was designed to beat the sloop *Maria*, then the fastest yacht in these waters. If she was successful, George L. Schuyler agreed with George W. H. A. Brown, the builder's brother, to buy the yacht, and enroll her in the York Yacht Club. \$30,000 was the price agreed on, but, by reason of the launch being delayed, the price finally paid was \$20,000. John L. and Edwin Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes, Beekman Finley, and George L. Schuyler bought the yacht, and she sailed for Havre in July, 1851, crossing the Atlantic in seventeen days and a half. In smooth water *Maria* had beaten *America*, but in rough water and a stiff breeze she defeated the sloop easily.

On August 22 of that year she won the famous contest for the present trophy bearing her name. The race was around the Isle of Wight against fifteen yachts, and *America* won by 20 minutes. She was sent over as our representative yacht at the World's Fair.

PICTURE BY JAMES H. HARE, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



SIR THOMAS LIPTON, OWNER OF "SHAMROCK," AND PARTY ON BOARD THE STEAM YACHT "ERIN." SIR THOMAS IS LEANING ON THE RAIL DIRECTLY OVER THE GANGWAY

In 1852 *America* was sold to Lord de Blaquiere for \$5,000, and in a race in July of that year for the Queen's Cup she was beaten by Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne's cutter *Arrow*. On October 22 she defeated the schooner *Sverige* in a race of twenty miles.

In 1853 Lord Templeton purchased the yacht and used her for one summer. She was laid up for six years, and then sold to a Mr. Pitcher, who rebuilt her and sold her in 1860 to H. Deale. The latter changed her name to *Camilla*, and cruised in the West Indies.

Returning to England in 1861, she was sold to parties who changed her name to *Memphis*, and turned her into a blockade runner. To avoid capture by the United States frigate *Wabash*, the yacht was scuttled in the St. John's River, Florida. She was raised by the government after the war, refitted, and used for several years as a training ship for Annapolis cadets. She was at that time commanded by S. Nicholson Kane, now chairman of the regatta committee of the New York Yacht Club.

In 1870, at the request of members of that and other clubs, she was fitted up by the Navy Department to sail against the British schooner *Cambria* for the America's cup. *Magic* won, out of twenty-five schooners that started, but *America* also defeated *Cambria*.

General Benjamin F. Butler bought the schooner at auction in 1871 for \$5,000. In 1875 she defeated the schooner *Resolute* in a forty-mile race for a \$500 cup, and a year later she defeated *Alarm* in a race from Sandy Hook to Cape May and return.

In 1880 General Butler had *America* rebuilt from four strakes below the water-line up to the covering board. Six feet six inches were added to her after overhang, her cabin was refitted and four staterooms put in.

America sailed against five schooners in the race for the Brenton's Reef Cup in 1876. She finished fifth. She defeated the schooners *Madeleine* and *Countess of Dufferin* in their second race for the America's cup soon after.

A year later, cruising between Nassau and Havana, she sailed four hundred miles in forty hours, covering two hundred and sixty miles during the first twenty-four hours, that being at the rate of nearly eleven miles an hour.

General Butler soon after challenged the owner of the ship *North America* to a race five hundred miles to sea. *America* won, and, in 1885, she was placed at the disposal of the America's Cup Committee when *Genesta's* owner challenged for the cup.

A twenty-five-ton lead keel on a new oak keel was added in 1886, when Edward Burgess refitted her.

Up to this time she had carried a jibboom. This was replaced by a bowsprit with two head sails and new racing canvas.

Paul Butler, Oakes Ames and Butler Ames of Lowell, Mass., became the owners of *America* when General Butler died.

From the day of *Shamrock's* arrival in New York until she was ready to be docked, a few days before the great races, she only had ten trials. William Fife, Jr., and Sir Thomas Lipton seemed to be well satisfied with the yacht's performance. They of course are the judges of their own boat, but there are many racing yachtsmen who have watched *Shamrock's* work who do not hesitate to declare that she has not been given half a chance to prepare for a contest of such importance. It is true that the weather has been much against her on several occasions, but it is a fact that several very good sailing days were missed by the bonny green yacht. The results, however, will show whether or no good judgment was used.

Shamrock's two best trials were, perhaps, those of September 6, when she sailed four and one-eighth miles in 19m. 10s., and on September 23, when she covered a thirty-mile course in 2h. 20m. 20s. This latter was at the rate of 12.93 miles an hour.

JAMES C. SUMMERS.

(SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR CONTINUED ON PAGE 22)

PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT V. GRIBAYEDOFF



MAITRE DEMANGE DELIVERING HIS FAMOUS SPEECH FOR THE ACCUSED AT THE DREYFUS TRIAL—THE SPEECH OF MAITRE DEMANGE IN BEHALF OF CAPTAIN ALFRED DREYFUS WAS DELIVERED ON SEPTEMBER 8. SOME OF THE REMARKS OF THIS CLEVER LAWYER READ RATHER STRANGELY IN THE LIGHT OF SUBSEQUENT EVENTS—THAT IS TO SAY, THE PROMPT CONDEMNATION OF DREYFUS AND THE EQUALLY PROMPT PARDON WHICH FOLLOWED. MAITRE DEMANGE SAID, "AS MILITARY JUDGES YOU WILL NEVER ELEVATE TO THE IMPORTANCE OF EVIDENCE THE POSSIBILITIES AND SUPPOSITIONS WHICH HAVE BEEN SUBMITTED TO YOU, CONSEQUENTLY MY LAST WORD IS, THAT WHICH I UTTERED THIS MORNING IN THE PRESENCE OF ALL, 'I TRUST IN YOU, BECAUSE YOU ARE SOLDIERS.'" THE PRESIDENT THEREUPON TURNED TO DREYFUS, ASKING IF HE HAD ANYTHING TO SAY. DREYFUS REPLIED: "I DECLARE BEFORE MY COUNTRY AND THE ARMY THAT I AM INNOCENT. MY SOLE OBJECT IS TO SAVE THE HONOR OF MY NAME, THE NAME MY CHILDREN BEAR. FOR FIVE YEARS I HAVE SUFFERED FRIGHTFUL TORTURES, AND I AM SURE THAT I SHALL ATTAIN MY OBJECT TO-DAY BECAUSE OF YOUR LOYALTY AND JUSTNESS." "HAVE YOU FINISHED?" ASKED THE PRESIDENT. "YES, M. LE PRÉSIDENT," RESPONDED DREYFUS.

ABOUT FIVE IN THE AFTERNOON THE COURT AGAIN CONVENEED AND THE PRESIDENT ANNOUNCED THAT THE JUDGES, BY FIVE VOTES TO TWO, FOUND THE PRISONER GUILTY. IN CONSIDERATION OF EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES THE SENTENCE WAS FIXED AT TEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT. AFTERWARD IN THE ANTEROOM IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS GUARD THE JUDGMENT WAS READ TO THE PRISONER BY THE CLERK OF THE COURT. SUCH WERE THE CLOSING SCENES IN THIS FAMOUS TRIAL. DREYFUS THE IMPRISONED AND ARRAIGNED MARTYR HAD THE ACTIVE SYMPATHY OF SEVERAL NATIONS; DREYFUS THE PARDONED AND RELEASED FRENCH CITIZEN WILL DOUBTLESS SINK SPEEDILY INTO OBLIVION.



CO.-RIGHT, 1899, BY J. H. RUGGLES

MR. MOSS, ATTORNEY FOR THE MAZET COMMITTEE, QUESTIONING ENGINEER BIRDSALL—MAYOR VAN WYCK, RICHARD CROKER, ENGINEER GEORGE S. BIRDSALL AND OTHER MEN OF LOCAL PROMINENCE HAVE BEEN WITNESSES BEFORE THE MAZET COMMITTEE, WHICH HAS BEEN INVESTIGATING THE RAMAPO WATER COMPANY'S FAMOUS CONTRACT.

NOT SINCE THE ARRAIGNMENT OF THE "BOODLE ALDERMEN" FOR ACCEPTING BRIBES FOR THEIR SANCTION TO THE BROADWAY CABLE ROAD FRANCHISE HAVE THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK CITY AND STATE BEEN SO STARTLED, AS BY THE RECENT ATTEMPT OF THE BACKERS OF THE RAMAPO WATER COMPANY TO FORCE THE CITY TO BIND ITSELF TO PAY OUT SOME TWO HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS, THE OBJECT BEING IT IS ALLEGED NOT TO FURNISH NEW YORK CITY WITH WATER, BUT TO FLOAT SECURITIES BASED ON THE CONTRACT.

BRIEFLY THE RAMAPO CONTRACT WAS A PROPOSITION TO VOTE FIVE MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR FOR FORTY YEARS TO DELIVER TWO HUNDRED MILLION GALLONS OF WATER YEARLY AT THE NORTHERLY BOUNDARY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. IT PROVIDED FOR THE PAYING OF MORE MONEY THAN THE CITY HAS EVER EXPENDED IN ONE YEAR ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF ITS OWN WORKS.

PRINCE RANJITSINHJI THE CRICKETER

One of the most popular men in England is Prince Ranjitsinhji, and the thing that has made him popular is cricket. He is under thirty, and is a Cambridge man. He began when he was sixteen years old, and although he played cricket considerably he did not come into form until about nine years ago. Then he commenced to play a strong game, and in '95, playing at Sussex, he burst upon the County Cricket world in a blaze of glory. He not only batted marvellously, but his bowling and fielding were of highest order. His average in '95 was 19, and in the following year he went even better than this. In 1897 he made a record score of 260, to match which the cricket enthusiast has to go back over seventy years. This year his average is over 60, and he has passed the three thousand mark.

Such is, in brief, the history of the Indian prince who has brought a team to this country. But it must not be understood that he is the only shining light in the team; for there are several other first-class men, among them C. B. Fry, the all-round Oxford athlete and expert cricketer.

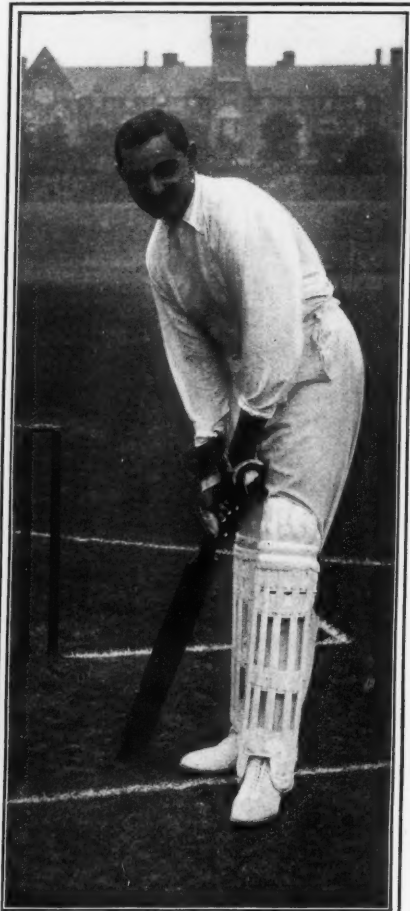
The Open tournament at Baltimore brought out some magnificent golf. The executive committee had labored most enthusiastically to adapt the course to its requirements, and they were very successful. The links were picturesque in the extreme, being up hill and down dale, and rich in beautiful views at many points. The entry list was large, the class the highest ever represented in the country. Of course, the players were almost to a man British born, but as they have cast their lot in with the Americans for good and all, they may now be looked upon as representative American professionals.

The course is eminently a course for professionals. It calls for straight driving from the seventh, fourteenth and sixteenth tees, and in playing the iron shot in the thirteenth only an unusually accurate driver swings with any confidence. It calls for the longest kind of driving. It takes a long drive to get within pitching distance of the first green, which is guarded by a built-up bunker. From the sixth tee a very long drive is required to carry the two hazards. From the tenth tee the task set is really too much to ask of any but a player of the highest skill, as there is a double bunker to carry. On the first day of the open tournament, when the wind was a bit high, even the longest drivers failed to carry this heavy hazard. They invariably dropped into the second ditch when they drove hard. In the fourteenth hole the fair green runs from a very high tee down a steep incline to the trolley tracks. The tracks are nearly two hundred yards from the tee. To put force enough into the drive to clear the tracks and yet not put so much force as to send the ball past the hole (221 yards) into the trees and underbrush on the edge of the putting green calls for masterly judgment and execution. Champion Harriman had a 7 there once, as did Champion Hurd at another time. To drive down the lane at the sixteenth hole, keeping in the narrow path all the way, is likewise a triumph of skillful golf.

Topped balls are severely punished. A man who has been careless in his driving through playing over-much in flat, easy courses, would have to get special practice for Baltimore or else see his card mount away up in figures. The greens were a despair. Some were more than usually fast and others were more than usually slow. Again, they were set in difficult places, and had, some of them, several grades to try a man's nerves. The thirteenth putting green, for instance, combined difficulty of position with varying grades. The fair green there extended up a steep incline on the slope of which the putting green had been mowed and the hole put. In dry weather it was a puzzle to hold the ball to the heights after a pitch or a put. This was the hole that decided ex-Champion Lloyd to withdraw. He got in a 9 on his first round, although on the edge of the green in 2.

Willie Anderson was unquestionably the popular favorite. Easterners and Southerners had heard of him frequently, knew his game, and seemed caught by his dashing style. Willie Smith, the winner, while more than well known in the West, pursued his way

for a time in peaceful quiet unattended by the "gallery," for which mercy he was no doubt devoutly grateful. But his game was too brilliant and too steady to escape notice long, and when the public found him out they stayed by him. His drives were remarkable for their accuracy rather than their distance. His playing through the green with brassie or cleek possessed the same admirable quality, but his



PRINCE RANJITSINHJI, THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS CRICKETER

approaches, both long and short, were little short of marvellous. He seemed to be able to put his ball dead from any distance, and oftener took one rather than two on the green. And his play kept getting better and better. Never once did he slump badly or do anything sensationally brilliant. He was as steady as a rock and he "arrived." Willie Smith is a fair-haired youth of medium size and build, a native of Scotland, and a brother of Alexander Smith, the well-known Chicago professional. He himself is in charge of the New Midlothian County Club of Chicago. He is about twenty-two, and has a fine record of matches behind him. His work is worthy of especial study by amateurs. His approach is clean and accurate, and his putting quite as good as human being could be expected

to attain. He drives rather off the left foot and gets out a straight ball. This straight drive of his was the noticeable thing about his work off the tee. But when, as occasionally happened, he drove a ball off the narrow green, he proved his skill by the way he got out of trouble. Twice on the last round of the championship he did this. From the eighth tee, which calls for a long drive and a long brassie to carry the ditch, Smith pressed for distance, and pulled his ball into the long grass. This being a critical time for him, the "gallery" groaned for the probable loss of a stroke or two. Smith selected his brassie to play out. Almost any of the "gallery" would have advised an iron, but this golfer, without seeming to exert himself overmuch, whipped the ball out and onto the fair green just over the ditch. From there he pitched nicely onto the putting green. Later in the same round he sliced his ball on the long fifteenth hole. He again had grass to play from and a hanging lie. He took the brassie again and made one of the longest carries of the tournament. His following shot placed him hole high, more than 550 yards, mostly uphill. Smith plays his iron shots with the ball midway between his feet. He puts off his right foot, keeping his hands forward of the ball. He plays smoothly and without hurry, and with an even swing, and this no doubt has much to do with his lasting powers. His fourth round was as well played as his first.

Before commenting upon the other players it is worth while considering the driving. One thing that amazed the "gallery" was the easy way in which the professionals drove their longest balls. Willie Hoare, winner of the driving contest over all the professionals—as well as Herbert Harriman and Findlay Douglass—swings without seeming to press to any extent. It is not his physical power, for he is short and slight compared to half the professionals and to Harriman and Douglass. John Shippen, one of the longest drivers in the professional class, is not more than five feet five inches in height and one hundred and thirty-five pounds in weight. And it cannot be altogether in the extreme suppleness of the men; for William Baird, the oldest professional in America, was among the leaders in the driving contest.

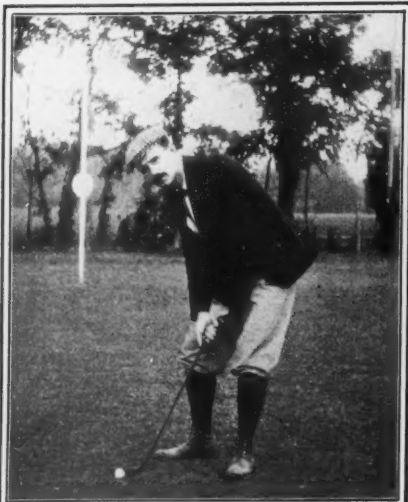
Of the three who followed next to the winner of the tournament Val Fitzjohn is also a player with youth on his side. He was at one time at Ardsley, but is now at the Otsego Club, New York. His style is very easy and free. He gets most remarkable distance on his drive and through the green. He never seems to get badly off his game, but plays as though he could not help playing. Low, of Dyker Meadow, is also a first-class man, although he played at the very top of his game at Baltimore. He has only been in this country a few months, and his record at Argyleshire (—76—76) is still standing. He is also considered a good club maker.

Way is not as well known as the other three players, although he has been prominent in one or two championships, and quite three years in this country. His golf is brilliant, but apt at times to lack steadiness and staying power.

After these, Alexander Campbell is a player who appeals strongly to the "gallery." He is still very young, and his splendid standing at the end of the first day proved too much for his nerves, and he fell from grace. A year or two more will steady him down wonderfully, and he will undoubtedly be a factor in future days.

On the whole, the West made the best showing, although the East produced some brilliant representatives. Golf is improving among professionals as well as among amateurs, and America will not long be behind Great Britain in standing. Our amateurs, however, were simply last among their professional brethren. Harriman gave hardly a glimpse of his real brilliancy, and he headed the amateur list. But when such men as Hurd, Anderson, Willie Dunn, and Auchterlonie fall by the wayside it is too much to expect amateurs to live up to their highest standards on every possible occasion. The Baltimore Golf Club managed their difficult task with much tact and discrimination, and thus made a brilliant and memorable success of the Open Championship of 1899.

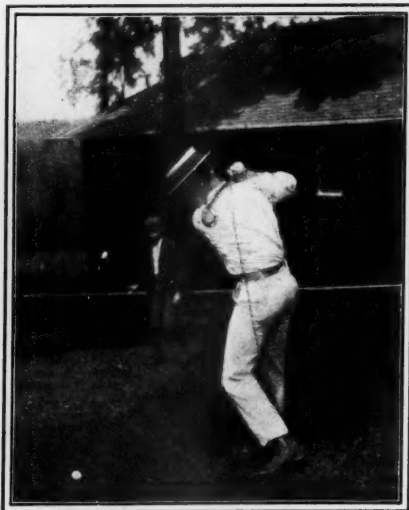
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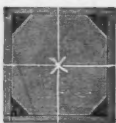
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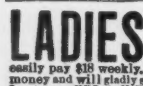


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